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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. M.P.
By Richard Dunn, Esq. M.A.T.C.D. Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 67. London, 1841. Published, for the Author, by Hodson.

"The course of true love never did run smooth;" but we hardly remember to have read or heard of its running so rough from first to last, as it seems to have run with the writer of this pamphlet.

It goes into the whole story of his grievances, and shews, at length, how and why Miss Anna Burdett Countess would not be Dunn. Dunn-ed she certainly has been, but, notwithstanding the capital letters on the titlepage of this Letter, she has not been M.A.T.C.(h*)D. ! And Poor Richard dates from the Fleet Prison, not Farringdon without, but Farringdon within, and a lamentable story he has to tell,

"For six months in jail,
And six out on bail,
He managed to steer
To the end of the year,
And now he lies here."

Except Richard the Third, his courtship of the Lady Anne, we know of no parallel to this courtship of the glorified heiress of Countess and St. Albans by Richard the Fourth and last,

"Yet not to win her, all the world to nothing,"

was enough to make a marvellous proper man as mad as a March hare. And Sir Francis too,—

"Fathers have flinty hearts,"

was an obdurate as his daughter; and, thereupon, Master Dunn remonstrates and expostulates with him in the letter, saying:—

"I am disappointed in both yourself and your daughter. I find you are both unrelenting in your determination to ruin me, and to blast every prospect of my life. If I submit longer you will rob me of my property as you have of my liberty. I have left nothing untried that an honourable man could attempt, to settle this matter in some honourable and private way, but you have refused every overture made on my part. You know from the commencement of this painful and distressing affair, your family left me no alternative but to gain from your daughter's hands my character; and on my offering a few days since to your daughter and to her attorney, to leave this matter to Sir Frederick Pollock, her own counsel, to adjust, the answer I received from Mr. Humphreys was, that no settlement could take place, and that the instructions of your family were, that he should annoy me in every way in his power, and take every advantage of me he could. On your shoulders and on the advisers of Miss Countess, let the consequences fall of the conduct pursued towards me; and the consequence of forcing me to this step. You have made the matter public; I shall do the same, and now reluctantly state the entire truth.

"Flat justitia, ruat cælum."

I shall now conceal nothing that is necessary for the full vindication of my character and conduct towards your daughter."

But surely the interest of this tale of woe deserves a sympathising review, and "tell the

truth and shame the —," as Poor Richard says, is our motto.

Mr. Dunn, it appears from his statement, is a member of a high and (quære, to him?) lucrative profession, which, being suddenly smitten with love in the Green Park, he abandoned, and has, consequently, instead of sending other unfortunates to gaol, been consigned himself to three several receptacles for felons, and now finally to one for debtors, therein to study the practical effects, and purposes, and humanities of the law:

"For this is law, and this is it
Which makes him there in prison sit,
Which grounded is in holy writ
And reason—"

as wrote Sir Roger L'Estrange (we believe) a long while ago. This is very hard on a gentleman, who, as he relates the simple fact,—

"Having come to London on professional business in the month of June 1838, whilst walking in the Green Park on the 28th of that month, I accidentally met your daughter, Miss Countess, then a total stranger even by name to me. As she passed I believe I attracted her attention by some innocent observations which I made to some persons then talking to me. Meeting her some few days afterwards, I found she appeared to recognise me, from which casual circumstance an innocent flirtation commenced."

An "innocent flirtation" has not been correctly expounded in any lexicographical work with which we are acquainted.* It means, in the first place, attracting the notice of a lady by impertinently remarking, loud enough for her to hear, as she is walking in a public park, "There's a fine young girl!" then, learning her address, and ever after continuing to persecute her with Rejected Addresses, far more disagreeable than those by James and Horace Smith. This is Irish flirting with a vengeance; worse than Captain H—'s, who, having taken very improper personal liberties with a fair Hibernian dame whom he was escorting home from a ball, was recalled to a sense of the decencies and decorums of society by a "Fie, Captain H—, ha' done! what a flirt you are!"

But to return to the first auspicious meeting which made so wonderful an impression on the susceptible sensorium of our modern Romeo, he relates, that it "and all following circumstances attendant on it were so singular, that they appeared to me as if arranged by some unseen hand, a hand which controls our actions and our lives just as an All-wise Providence pleases."

Yet this believe,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them then how we will;
and so the Providence interferes, the

Deus interit.
Dignum vindice nodus,

when a stranger sees the extraordinary sight of a lady taking her promenade, and with that modest assurance which is not peculiar to his country, though called impudence in others, insults her by personal observation:—

* Yet Dr. Johnson's definition, on the authority of Lord Chesterfield, seems to embrace the Dunn case:—"Flirtation: a desire of attracting Notice!"

"In fact (says he) I left nothing untried that honour or esteem could dictate, to win, if possible, the esteem and affection 'of the rich heiress;' and if this be a crime I plead guilty to it. Your daughter living by herself, and apparently her own mistress, facilitated my approaches. I felt I had no one to consult—no one to please, but herself; no one's leave to ask but her own."

And the way in which he took leave to ask leave was worthy of the occasion. A few days after this casual, providential, "All-wise," and exceeding foolish rencontre, our hero wrote to the object of his flame:—

"Fair Girl,—I met you on a memorable day, the 28th ult., and little did I think, when I saw you on that day, and said in a thoughtless manner (struck with your appearance), 'There's a fine young girl!' that you would, in one short week, control my thoughts, my actions, and my life. Shall I call this accident, or shall I thank God for this providential meeting,—truly providential, if all the bright hopes your brighter eyes present should be realised by you for me? I find myself very unfortunate, for I do not know a soul who is favoured with your acquaintance: will you, under these circumstances, forgive a man who feels thus, writing to you, committing to this spotless paper thoughts as pure, conveying to you the overflowings of his heart, when the distinguished honour of doing so personally is still reserved for your generosity to bestow? It may be imprudent to write; yet how can it be when Heaven dictates the thoughts, and delicacy alone conceals from this paper a name which you shall know when Heaven permits me to know yourself, and which if you did not like I'd change?"

"Be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet,"

[i.e. a Dunn]. I'd make my eyes the fountain, my heart the sponsor, yourself the fair priestess,—he rebaptised, and named what I am—thy lover. [Poor Richard!] How can you blame me? You are so generous and so confiding that I must be candid, and rather lose you by candour than win you by want of it. I think I hear you asking your friend, 'Who is this impudent man?' [and no mistake!] Now, first, I must say I am no nobleman, nor scion of nobility; nothing more than a gentleman, and the son of one, independent in fortune, in a profession which has added more integrity and worth to the British peerage than all the blood of all the Howards could confer. Would such a lover as this please you—one who, to be great, must be so by his conduct,—one who would bring the hard-earned laurels of life, and lay them at your feet as the offerings of love and affection? I know you will be generous enough to let me become your acquaintance when you know I am not altogether unworthy of this honour; till then will you permit me to retain my *incognito*, and think as favourably as you can of me, till some favourable opportunity arrives when I shall obtain an introduction to you? May I subscribe myself your affectionate

"R. D.

"Clouster Hotel, July 3, 1838."

The writer thenceforward beset Miss Coutts at her door, in the streets, in her carriage, and, in short, annoyed her in every possible manner, taking every terrified glance for a look of unutterable love, and every frightened gesture for a signal of the warmest reciprocal affection. Miss Coutts left town for Harrogate, which her fervid admirer having ascertained, he became more desperately impassioned than ever. His anonymous letter had not been returned, and he instantly construed this into a mark of his acknowledged reception in the character he had been pleased to assume, and proceeds to address her "in language which could no longer be mistaken,"—as if the preceding language could!

"Dear Miss Coutts," he writes, "your condescension and kindness lead me to suppose that the liberties I have taken, if they have not pleased, at least have not offended you; and your kind smile has chased away the cloud under which I have sought to pour forth my sincere and warm esteem, leaving me now, I hope, in the bright sunshine of your favourable opinions—your lover confessed. Accept my gratitude for the honour you have done me in thus permitting me to address you." [Only seen twice.]

After some other rigmarole, he continues:—

"It is curious, that last March, a paragraph appeared in one of the Dublin papers, taken from the 'Court Journal,' stating that a young member of the Irish bar had the good fortune to stand high in the favour of Miss Burdett Coutts. This some kind friends applied to me; but this I laughed at, for I had never seen you; nor did I believe you knew there was such a man in the world as myself. [Perhaps not.] On the 25th of last month I arrived in London on professional business; I went to the hotel I usually reside at, where there was no room. After trying several others, I was directed to the Gloucester, where, after many objections, I consented to occupy an attic [belonging to a high profession], strange enough, opposite your house,—more strange still, I took a seat in front of this house to see the coronation procession; and, whilst at my breakfast, two ladies got possession of it; and then I walked into the Green Park, when, for the first time in my life, I saw you, and attracted your notice, I believe, by saying, in a thoughtless manner, to some persons then speaking of the relative beauty of the ladies who formed her Majesty's suit, 'There is a fine young girl coming up!' I had not the pleasure of seeing you again for some days, when, walking by Stratton Street [the street in which Miss C. resides], you walked up and met me [and every body else who was on the *paré*]; even then I did not know who you were, for you had not your own servant with you. I, however, soon discovered the secret, and who my fair enchantress was, and that I was living on fairy ground, and that my attic was a paradise, and that the house opposite contained her on whom I had so fondly fixed my heart. I confess I strung all these circumstances together with the most fond devotion—as fondly as did the most pious maid her beads: I held them [the circumstances] up, till your eyes [and good eyes they must have been to see such circumstances] consecrated them, and never took them [the circumstances] off, except to sing my *morning matin* and my *evening vesper*, and, in the fondness of my heart, I said, 'God has given me this girl.' But, alas! here I am, the tender [Hibernic, tinder] idolater of absent charms, in a wilderness, my heart a desert, untenanted fairy ground, where my heart will

not let one image dwell but yours. 'Tis true you gave me a smile when we parted—I shall never forget its sweetness; on it I must live for two days, for sooner I cannot get down to see you, as I am chained to the oar. It was my servant who stood by your carriage the day you left; from him I learned your destination: will you think of me—will you let me continue my attentions? I ask no pledge, no answer—only let me hide my thoughts in your heart. Believe me sincere—believe all I say—think favourably of me—give a fair trial for such a prize." [As R. Dunn.]

This was the 10th of July, and off our hero goes to Harrogate, as he "had promised," and renewing his polite attentions, the harassed heiress was obliged to call on her friends to journey from London to protect her. Mr. Edward Majoribanks and others interfered, but Mr. Dunn would take no denial. He had got his own consent to a union with the million of dross and its fair possessor:—

"I met (he writes to Mr. M.) and formed a regard for this lady, which, judging from her conduct, I had supposed met with her fullest approbation. I regret I should be deceived by appearances; I am a man of firm resolve, cannot plead youth for being a fool any longer on this subject, nor am I insensible of the charms which woman possesses. A variety of accidental circumstances threw me in her path."

You say in your note that Miss Coutts has authorised you to keep my letters; I am sure any communication she places in your hands, will be in the most honourable repository; but if I am not to get them, you will excuse my gallantry, if I express my wish that they should remain in the honourable custody to which I intrusted them,—if Miss Coutts will give them a place in the corner of her *escritoire*. She will, however, permit me to remind her that in Ireland whenever a lady keeps the arrows she always sends for the bow."

Or read, Whenever a lady suffers under the harrows, she keeps the bean that drives its spikes into her, like the toad to which every tooth gives a tug.

Gentle means were tried to disabuse Mr. Dunn of his delusion,* but these failing, recourse was had to legal protection; and the fashion in which the technology of the law describes and provides for the safety of misfortunate lovers, is so beautifully illustrated by Mr. William Ballard, of the public office, Bow Street, police (and polite) officer, that we are sure the reader would be discontented if we did not insert the most interesting particulars. Its being upon oath adds to its grand solemnity and heart-touching character. He

"Saith, that in consequence of Mr. Dunn writing to Miss Coutts, as I have been informed and believe, and it being feared that he would return again to Harrogate, I was directed to watch his movements, that accordingly I did so, and I could see him in his room at various times, when in general he appeared to be in a very restless state, pacing about the room, coming to the window frequently with his hands in his pockets; and on Tuesday, the 11th of September instant, Mr. Dunn went to the basin in the Green Park, which is in front of Miss Coutts's house, and walked until he came in front of the house,

* And the Rev. Mr. Rhodes writes to him in terms too plain to be misinterpreted:—

"You knew from me, in the most distinct terms, that Miss Coutts's dearest desire is, never to hear from you, or to see you more; and I call upon you as a man, connected with one of the most honourable professions, to relieve her mind at once from the pain and distress she has so patiently and unnecessarily endured."

and then stopped and looked at it, walked round on the opposite side of the basin, when he again stood looking at the house for some minutes, then putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and hanging his head downwards, walked off in a sort of dejected manner, went round the basin, and then out of the gate into Piccadilly, and a short way down Clarges Street, when he stopped, turned round, and returned back up the near side of the basin towards Miss Coutts's house, made a short stand, looking at the house, and then returned to his lodgings; and again, on Sunday the 16th instant, after appearing in a restless state in his room, he came out and went direct to the basin in the Green Park, walked up the near side, and stood and looked at the house, then walked to the opposite side, and again stood and looked at the house; he then walked slowly away, and went to Hyde Park, walked through the park, and back again to the top of Grosvenor Place, when I left him; that in the course of half-an-hour I returned to the Green Park, and going towards the basin, met Mr. Dunn coming in a direction from the basin."

What a picture of a lover over a basin! These Bow-Street limners are not to be surpassed in drawing and colouring. Jack Ketch, himself, could not execute a full length in a superior style. And such an effect! It sent the original to quod in York for twenty days.

Encouraged by the countenance and civilities thus showered upon him by his fond mistress, when released from York Castle, the faithful swain returned to Piccadilly and the Gloucester Hotel attic. Here he was delighted with still stronger proofs of her devoted attachment; for he says,—

"The same scene of ridiculous conduct then commenced, and I met your daughter every day of her life in the same street, at the same hour, attended by one or two vagabonds, one dozen of whom I have had the trouble of kicking, and desiring them to go home and tell what they got,—fellows employed to see if I would go near your daughter. I wrote to you and to your daughter, remonstrating with you on the cruelty of keeping me in this position; reminded you of your promise to me; told you the way your daughter was acting; wrote to Miss Coutts—asked an interview; went to her house—was laughed out of it; wrote to her friend Mr. Majoribanks—all in vain! no answer. I must wait for the troubling of the waters, it being quite uncertain when the angel would come, and equally uncertain, if he did come, whether he would not, on seeing me ready to go in, turn back to heaven again."

Why, he was himself her guardian angel, and needed no ally!

"I have (he writes) forgotten every consideration of family and private feeling to protect your daughter from the indiscretion, if not wickedness, of the fools into whose hands her affairs have so unfortunately fallen: I believe she is the victim of those circumstances. I am sure I am. So much have I pitied her situation, that in order to protect her, I forgot to defend myself: I should prefer falling into the hands of as many highway robbers than again fall into the hands of half that number of fools."

And to the lady herself (in March 1840):—"I do not believe it is in woman's heart to pull down the temple where she has been placed on the altar, built up of man's affections: I believe she cannot do so, even if she wished, without at the same time bringing ruin and desolation on herself. It is folly for

us to strive to be enemies—I believe Heaven never intended us to be such; for notwithstanding that I have suffered on your account, when my worst passions get dominion over me, and they prompt me to curse you and leave you, my heart interposes, and forces me to bless the name I have ever loved. Prove to me that you do not wish to ruin me, that you will not ruin me, and I will bear all, and still bless thy name, as oft I have. Our lives are not long enough for either of us to torture or distress the other longer, nor is our happiness so great here, or our joys so numerous, that we can spare more out of the few we possess; this matter has become an unfortunate one,—

‘For whilst our enemies joined in hate,
We never joined in love.’

There is scarcely any step so fatal that it cannot be retraced, if we only call to our assistance good sense and religion, remembering,—

‘That to err is human, to forgive divine.’

Now, just recollect we once loved—I believe you were sincere—I certainly was.”

This is truly taking the bull by the horns, and not an Irish bull either.—“Just recollect we once loved!” and for this ye “spit on me on Saturday last,” popped me into York gaol, and other dark and dismal dungeons among felons, made me familiar with Bow-Street runners, policemen, and station-houses; had me assaulted, kicked, and beaten.—“Just recollect we once loved,—I believe you were sincere (could he doubt it?)—I certainly was” (could she?)

But we must drop the curtain on this sad, eventful history, lamenting the obduracy of Miss Angela (not an angel, but an Englishwoman), and asking her in the language of her adorer, how any honourable, amiable, virtuous, or religious girl, can refuse his terms? and warning her, if she does, “what happiness, what blessing, can attend such obstinacy.”—P. 45. No doubt his *Fleet*-ing hours are spent in her worship, and he may well appeal, as he previously did:—

“Now, consider the position you have placed me in. I have performed my part of this contract, silently ratified by you; now perform yours. I cannot longer struggle with the opposition I meet with from your family, nor longer endure their persecution. If you cannot give me your hand and heart, give me what you have robbed me of,—my honour and reputation as a gentleman.”

How she has done this we are at a loss to discover; but certainly never was there a lover done brown as poor Richard Dunn.

Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen. By James Bruce. 12mo. pp. 420. 1841. Aberdeen: Smith; Laurie and Son; Maclean; Collicie; Russel; Wallie; and Strachan. Edinburgh: Tait. Glasgow: Robertson. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

ABERDEEN has had the high honour and good fortune to produce many distinguished men; and at the present moment possesses several who, for eminence in literature and science, may well be classed in the same rank with their celebrated predecessors. It is a labour of love in any citizen to undertake the biography of those who have reflected lustre on their native place, and Mr. Bruce has acquitted himself ably of his task. There are, indeed, some points, which we shall by and by notice, respecting which we differ much from his opinions; but we must at the same time allow that he has brought a strong sense of justice and impartiality to his work, and, therefore,

that when we cannot agree with him, it is his judgment which we venture to question, and not his principles.

The author expresses a hope that his volume “will be found not uninteresting to his townsmen, or, perhaps, to the general reader;” and we can say for ourselves, that we have found it so interesting, that we shall proceed with pleasure to make its merits known, and, we are confident, recommend it to readers, not only in the North, but in every part of the empire. We should think that another volume might be added, for, in order to keep his present production within a small compass, Mr. Bruce has passed over the names “of Gilbert Jack, Dr. William Barclay, Walter Donaldson, John Johnston, David Wedderburn, Dr. Patrick Dunn, Andrew Cant, Provost Jaffray, the very learned Dr. John Forbes, Andrew Baxter the metaphysician, the Gregories, Gibbs the architect, Morison the botanist, Baillie Skene, the Rev. John Bisset, Professor John Kerr, the Gerards, and the Fordycees.”

Those he has given us are—

“John Barbour, Bishop Elphinstone, Bishop Gavin Dunbar, Dr. Thomas Morison, Gilbert Gray, Bishop Patrick Forbes, Dr. Duncan Liddel, George Jamieson, Bishop William Forbes, Dr. Arthur Johnston, Edward Raban, Dr. William Guild, Alexander Ross, George Dalgarno, John Spalding, Henry Scougal, Robert Gordon, Principal Blackwell, Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Hamilton, and Dr. Brown.”

From among these worthies we shall make a selection of such matters as appear to be most deserving of attention; and if our review turns out to be a sort of literary cento, it must be attributed to the nature and variety of the subjects before us.

Of Bishop Elphinstone, the author of the “History of Scotland,” we are informed that he “employed much of the leisure of his old age in the diligent study of the Holy Scriptures. His biographer draws a splendid picture of his domestic life, when he tells us that while the numerous guests around his table were entertained with all kinds of luxuries, the bishop himself preserved his abstemiousness. He delighted also in music, in wit, and in merry conversation, at the festive table. In this respect he held the same Christian opinions as the great Saint Louis, who used to reprove people who brought in grave religious topics in mixed companies. ‘This is not a time to quote texts,’ he would say, ‘but to recreate our spirits with mirth and pleasant conceits. Let every man say decently what he will.’ It was also a maxim with this illustrious saint, that when any one sat in company, and any merry thought came into his head, he ought to give utterance to it immediately, in order that all present might be benefited. The Church of Rome certainly did quite right in canonising this man. From many passages in the histories of the old saints, as well as from their recorded sayings, several of them appear to have looked on the telling of diverting stories as being absolutely a duty imperative on the sincere Christian. The well-known and edifying story of the conference between the pious beggar and the learned doctor,* which is found

* “We have seen this very fine tale, turned into heroic verse, in a collection of Catholic songs and hymns, directed to be sung to some of our most beautiful Scottish airs, such as the ‘Yellow-Haired Laddie,’ the ‘Broom of the Cowden Knowes,’ ‘Gilderey,’ and the ‘Braes of Varrow.’ The story begins—

‘A pious doctor once there was

Who begged off of God,

To send him one who would him shew
To heaven the nearest road.”

in so many Catholic books of devotion, shews that a ready wit and a turn for smart answers were deemed to be suitable accompaniments to a highly devout soul completely resigned to the will of God. One of the most eminent saints whom the old church produced has thus spoken of the commendable nature of jocular discourse, in a treatise, the express object of which is to inculcate holiness:—‘As for jesting words, which are spoken by one to another with modest and innocent mirth, they belong to the virtues called *Eutrapelia* by the Greeks, which we may call good conversation, by which we take an honest and pleasant recreation upon such frivolous occasions as human imperfections do offer, only we must take heed of passing from this honest mirth to scoffing; for mocking causeth laughter in scorn and contempt of our neighbour; but mirth and drollery provoke laughter by an innocent liberty, confidence, and familiar freedom, joined to the witness of some conceit.’* Some of the good sayings of St. Thomas Aquinas adorn the pages of ‘Joe Miller.’ The ascetic St. Francis of Assisi delighted in jocular conversation; and, from the very little that has been recorded of his celebrated sermon to the fishes, there is the best reason for believing that it abounded in passages of genuine humour.† Even the mortified Pascal, though he belonged to the sour set of the Jansenists—the ‘Old Light Seeders’ of the Catholic Church—wrote the wittiest book of which France can boast.”‡

Who, after this, will sourly condemn jocularity and merriment? Those who do, you may depend upon it are no saints. Dr. Duncan Liddell is our next authority, and he goes farther than the good bishop. The doctor, two hundred years ago, wrote a book on the art of preserving health,§ and it seems not to have discouraged the enjoyment of good things, for “In this little work, Liddell has discussed the subject of eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise, in much the same way that a medical writer in the nineteenth century would do—for there is much truth in the remark of Bacon—‘Medicine is a science which hath been, as we have said, more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced; the labour having been, in

* “Saint Francis of Sales.—Introduction to a *Devout Life*, p. 264, edit. 1675.”

† “Il est prescha pour miracle que Dieu les empeschast d'estre noyés au deluge.”—*Confession Catholique de Sanezy*, quoted by Bayle, vol. ii. p. 485.”

‡ “The reader will be interested by the following very curious passage from the ‘Provinciales,’ in which the remarkable writer, after arguing that the ridiculing of folly is a Christian duty, and approaching almost to the doctrine of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, states that it was ‘Commune aux Peres de l’Eglise, et qu’elle est autorisée par l’Ecriture, par l’exemple des plus grands saints, et par celui de Dieu même.’ He supports his last position by saying, ‘C’est une chose bien remarquable sur ce sujet, que, dans les pieuses paroles que Dieu a dites à l’homme depuis sa chute, on trouve un discours de moquerie, et une ironie piquante, selon les Peres. Car, après qu’Adam est désoberé, dans l’espérance que le démon lui avait donnée d’être fait semblable à Dieu, il parait par l’Ecriture que Dieu, en punition, le rendit sujet à la mort, et qu’après l’avoir réduit à cette misérable condition qui était due à son péché, il se moqua de lui en cet état par ces paroles de risée: ‘Voilà l’homme qui est devenu comme l’un de nous; ecce Adam quasi unus ex nobis’ &c. qui est une ironie sanglante et sensible dont Dieu le punissait nécessairement, selon Saint Chrysostôme et les interprètes. Adam, dit Rupert, ‘méritait d’être railé par cette ironie, et on lui faisait sentir sa folie bien plus vivement par cette expression ironique que par une expression sérieuse.’ Et Hugues de S. Victor, ayant dit la même chose, ajoute, ‘que cette ironie était due à sa sottise crétinée; et que cette espèce de raillerie est une action de justice, lorsque celui envers qui on en use l’a méritée.’”—*Les Provinciales*, lett. xi.

§ “Artis Conservandi Sanitatem Libri duo, a clarissimo D. Doctore Liddello defuncto delineati, atque opera et studio D. Patricii Dunni M.D., ad colophonem perducti et in Apicum prolati. Aberdeen, Excudebat Jacobus Brounus, anno 1651.”

my judgment, rather in circle than progression. For I find much iteration but small addition.* The only thing which may surprise the reader in these days, when many physicians assert that wine and spirits are poison, is the liberal allowance which the doctor tolerates of such articles, and the rules which he lays down for drinking. He mentions, under this head, that his own countrymen and the English are in the way of taking a draught of Spanish wine in order to give them an appetite for their dinner—a practice which has very properly been allowed to fall into desuetude. Indeed, the doctor's whole notions, on the subject of drinking, are of the most lax description. He quotes, without any disapprobation, the advice of Avicenna, who recommends it as an excellent thing for the health to get completely drunk once a month; though Liddel ought certainly to have reminded his readers that the learned Arabian physician bears the character of having been a notorious toper. It is proper, however, to mention, for the sake of the characters of Avicenna and Liddel, that the pious and moral Mrs Hannah More, the very female Wilberforce of the religious world, recommends a regular debauch, at reasonable intervals, in preference to a habit of moderate drinking; and the wholesomeness of the practice has been vouched for, we believe, by the most learned amongst the ancient physicians. Liddel, however, severely condemns the behaviour of those people who take plentiful quantities of strong drink upon their stomachs in the morning, which he says disorders the liver, and brings on dropsy; and he also reprobates the conduct of the Roman youths, who, as we learn from Martial, in drinking the healths of their sweethearts, used to quaff off as many cups as there were letters in the fair one's name—a piece of gallantry which has happily been abolished by Christianity; and which, if it were fashionable in modern times, would be the death of any promising young man who should be unfortunate enough to be bewitched by the charms of any of the Carolina Wilhelmina Amelias who are now to be found in genteel families. The doctor has prescribed a variety of remedies for the effects of debauchery; such as, a long lie in your bed in the morning, fresh air, and so forth. He adverts to the usefulness of a little wine and water, or brisk small beer (*cerevisia tenuis*), as a cure; but he out-rages, we suspect, all modern practice when he advises his patient, if neither the wine and water nor the small beer do him good, to proceed to wine without water, or to strong beer (*cerevisia potentior*)—certainly a strange thing to give to a sick man. He sums up his discourse on the point by laying it down as an axiom, that any ill that you get from drink is best cured by drink—a notion still prevalent in this country, and by no means confined to the learned and scientific. The doctor's whole notions on this topic are indeed of so popular a character, that we do not wonder that he got into extensive practice; and if it be true, as the Eastern story says, that the ghosts of a physician's murdered patients haunt the doors of his dwelling, Liddel might have been exempted from this annoyance, as he put his customers out of the world in an agreeable manner. Not only does he tell them how to cure themselves after their debauchery, but, as he says it may sometimes happen that you may be under 'the

necessity' of drinking to a great extent,* he communicates to you a variety of scientific schemes, by which you will be enabled to drink any conceivable quantity and be nothing at all the worse. On this head, he has omitted the famous receipt of Pliny, who instructs us, that if we just take care to sprinkle a little of the ashes of a swallow's neb, with a little myrrh, into our wine, we may go on to any extent that we please, and still be perfectly sober. This invaluable discovery was made by Horus, King of the Assyrians, as we are assured by Polydore Vergil, from whom we quote the prescription,† sincerely hoping that it may be useful to gentlemen who are called on to preside over large dinner-parties. In the second part of his treatise, Liddel, amongst other subjects, has devoted a chapter to the manner in which literary characters ought to drink, sleep, and take exercise; and under this last head, he lays down the senseless regulation, which to this very day writers on health repeat, that a man ought not to fall to study or work after dinner till two or three hours have been devoted to the important operation of digestion; during which two or three hours, you are required to sit, like the Hindoo god, Brahma, doing nothing and thinking about nothing, in order that the gastric juice may work regularly in your inside; just as if a man of sense would not ten thousand times sooner go out of the world at once, than submit to any degrading regulations of this kind. Of all people, literary characters have the least need of advices of this sort, for they are generally senseless, often hypochondriacal, and but too much given to looking after the health of their precious bodies, as they are in the way of considering their lives valuable to mankind—an opinion which is by no means reciprocated by their fellow-creatures. To conclude our notice of this work, it is not only a learned treatise, but a highly amusing one; and that is as much as can be said of the best works on the same subject that have been published to this day. As works of instruction, they are all, in their very nature, pestiferous, tending to nothing but making people who trust in them invalids and hypochondriacs; for it is impossible to conceive that a man who eats his dinner upon scientific principles, and drinks, and sleeps, and takes exercise, according to printed regulations, can enjoy any thing that deserves to be called health; and even if it were the case that health could be maintained by following the laws laid down in books on the subject, it would be purchased at by far too dear a cost. It is proper, however, to state, that such works, though pernicious when consulted for instruction, are, when read as they ought to be read,—to be laughed at,—highly beneficial to health, both of body and mind.

Mr. Bruce is a congenial biographer of Dr. Liddel, and Aberdeen is not a bad place (*experientia docet*) for carrying their recommendations into practice. The following are of a literary character: the first treats of Edward Raban, and the last of Dr. George Campbell:—

"It is rather a singular circumstance, that the art of printing was not introduced into Aberdeen for considerably more than a century after it had found its way into Edinburgh, though the inhabitants of this city have always been amongst the first to adopt all real improvements, as they have always been amongst

the last to go into useless and unprofitable novelties. As the first man who set up a printing-press in Aberdeen, Edward Raban would have been entitled to some notice, even if he had not been, as he was, a writer both in prose and verse. Of the birth-place of Raban, no record has, we believe, been preserved; but it has been conjectured that he was a native of England. He was following his craft in St. Andrew's, when he was invited to Aberdeen at the instance of the provost, Sir Paul Menzies, and of Bishop Patrick Forbes; and was appointed to the office of printer to the city and university, with a monopoly of the printing business, which at that period it is not likely that many would have been inclined to dispute with him. He commenced business here in the year 1622, when he set up his press in a house on the north side of Castle Street, and published a treatise, 'De Disciplina Ecclesiastica,' and the tale of the 'Twae Feirs of Berwick.' Mr. Kennedy, who had not been aware of these works, mentions a prayer-book, with the calendar, and the Psalms, set to music, printed in the year 1625, as amongst the first-fruits of Raban's labours in Aberdeen. In the year 1626, as we learn from the author of the 'Book of Bon Accord,' Raban commenced the publication of an almanack, believed to be the earliest in Scotland, which was continued by him for several years, and is the progenitor of the present 'Aberdeen Almanack.' In order to relieve the natural dryness of an almanack's contents, Raban, as appears from the title of his first 'Prognostication,' had inserted in it 'a summary discourse of the proceedings against the pope and Spaine,' which might have been as interesting reading as the Joe Miller's jokes which generally accompany the modern Belfast almanacks. Raban, it would appear, was duly sensible of the honour of having been the first to introduce the art of printing into this city, and took care to affix to his name that he was 'Master Printer, the first in Aberdeene.' He was also pleased to take upon himself the title of 'Laird of Letters.'

It is a remarkable circumstance that the literature of Scotland owes so very little to the Presbyterian clergy, notwithstanding the leisure and the opportunities which their profession affords them of rising to eminence. The national character for genius and intellect has been almost entirely maintained by our laymen—by Smollett, Thomson, Burns, Scott, Kames, Hume, and Beattie. If the whole amount of what has been done by our Presbyterian clergy were laid in one scale, and 'Humphry Clinker' and 'Roderick Random' flung into the other, the worth of these two masterpieces of the greatest and most original genius that Scotland has produced, would far outweigh the accumulated merit of the whole literature on the other side. There are some people who may think that it would not have become clergymen to have written such works as 'Humphry Clinker' and 'Roderick Random,' and that they should confine themselves to their theology. But, alas! this does not better the case. Scarcely can we point to a single religious work of merit which our national clergy have produced. Burnett, Leighton, and Seccombe, belonged to another communion. We have plenty of writers on religious subjects, and plenty of ministers who have published sermons; but where are there any of them who have imbibed the spirit of the Gospel in their writings—who discover any knowledge of its moral beauty, or any sympathy with its charity and benevolence? The

* "Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.
Quinque, Lycas, Lyda, quatuor, Ida, tribus,
Omnia ab infuso numeratur amica Falerno."

* "Quod si largius convivandi necessitas incidat, ut metuns ne potus copia obruaris; &c.—Ars. Conser. Sant. p. 74."

† "De Rerum Inventor, p. 179. Lugd. Bat. 1644."

best and most distinguished period in the history of our Church, is that which followed the Secession, and continued till within about ten years ago. During that time her ministers were not, perhaps, learned divines of great geniuses, but they were men generally of peaceable and respectable lives; and about the end of last century and the beginning or the present, the Church bade fair to produce a succession of men worthy of filling the pulpits and the professors' chairs in the country. The Church during that period, it may be safely said, performed the services for which an establishment of religion is intended, as efficiently within her own sphere as ever any national church at any period did. It is almost needless to add, that the flattering appearances to which we have alluded have all been blasted, and that a retrograde movement commenced about some eight or ten years ago, and has gone on with amazing success. The ministers of the *quoad sacra* churches have been admitted into the Church Courts, unions have been formed with the Seceders, every kind of delusion and fanaticism has been encouraged—the use and design of an establishment have been lost sight of—and ministers of the establishment do not scruple to affirm boldly, that the Church is not a creature of the State. Of course in all these doings, the *quoad sacra* ministers, having nothing to lose, have aided and abetted the endowed ministers with all their might; while the endowed ministers, in their character and preaching, follow the standard of the voluntary clergy, conceiving that the state has nothing more to do with them than to give them money to live comfortably upon. This is a melancholy state of things; but they are the best friends of their country and of the Church who declare it the most distinctly—“*Melius est, says St. Augustine, cum severitate diligere quam cum lenitate decipere.*”

In 1771, he received the appointment of Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, on the removal of Dr. Alexander Gerard to King's College. In that year one of his best and most important sermons was published. It was preached before the synod in April, and is entitled, “The Spirit of the Gospel a Spirit neither of Superstition nor of Enthusiasm,” the text being that most appropriate passage in the second epistle to Timothy: “God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.” If any one, who is not acquainted with any sermons beyond what he has heard from the preachers now in fashion, will turn to this truly Christian discourse, we venture to say that he will be utterly amazed at what he will consider the novelty of its doctrine; and will be alarmed by an air of heresy in every sentence. When would a man hear from a fashionable preacher what Dr. Campbell and the Apostle both lay down—that a sound mind was connected with true religion, and that good sense gives the finish to a religious character? Or what preacher nowadays would tell us, as Dr. Campbell with the authority of the Gospel tells us, that we are not to look for the spirit of the Gospel in those who call themselves Christians? or that it was fanatical for a person to consider himself a favourite of heaven? or that it was at all wrong in those favourites to call their opponents impious? or that by these favourites a revengeful disposition was called zeal, and ‘malice against the person of an antagonist’ termed ‘love to his soul?’ Those who pay no attention to any precept of the Gospel whatever, would

hold it impious to declare, as Campbell does, that all the parts of Scripture are not of equal value; and to treat the great body of religious writings and commentaries with the contempt that this truly enlightened man does in that sermon, would, at the present day, be denounced as perfect blasphemy; while we do not know what terms would be applied to the Doctor's assertion, that there are questions relative to religion on which the Scripture is neutral; whereas, in our day, ministers are not ashamed impudently to declare that the Scripture has not only spoken on all religious topics, but has given its decision on all kinds of political subjects, and always on their side of the question; and that it settles the mode of electing ministers, and condemns patronage, the abominable Act of Queen Anne, and the exceeding sinfulness of the Court of Session.”

[To be continued.]

James Hatfield and the Beauty of Buttermere. A Story of Modern Times. With Illustrations, by Robert Cruikshank. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

THIS story is a complete example of a sort of literature which, though not new to our times, has become far more prevalent than at any former period. The hero is a criminal famed in the criminal jurisdiction of his country; other living and well-known characters are made actors on the scene where he flourishes; a portion of fiction, mystery, and superstition, is infused; and the whole is illustrated with indifferent engravings representing the most striking incidents in the tale.

There is one great drawback upon the interest of all such compositions, viz. that the fate of the principal character, and, consequently, the *dénouement* of all the machinery, is certain from the first. There are no doubts, suspenses, fears, or hopes, to affect the reader; who is perfectly aware that let this appearance promise any different result, or that adventure end how it may, the doom of the party is cast and that he must be hanged. In the novel of “Eugene Aram,” the conflict of public opinion upon his guilt or innocence, the flight of time which had thrown a veil of greater obscurity over his tragedy, and the powerful treatment of the subject, directly and collaterally, though this difficulty could not be overcome, we had, nevertheless, one of the most stirring and affecting narratives in our language. In the later novel of “Jack Sheppard” (much as it has been objected to by moralists and magistrates), the vigour and vivacity of the author, and his spirited delineation of the actual existences of the heroes of the “Calendar” and their associates nearly a century ago, created a fearful interest, and has borne the work down the widest stream of popularity. Other productions allied to the same genus have not been, nor, from their talent, deserved to be, so successful; and now we have before us a performance which ought, perhaps, to take a middle place between the first and last of the system.

There is no want of ability in these volumes, but neither is there any want of blemishes. Hatfield is drawn as a most accomplished gentleman, draughtsman, botanist, &c., purely and faithfully in love with the Beauty of Buttermere, who is, in turn, painted as a model of virtue, fine sense, and devotedness to her elegant swindler and captivating forger. There is an “ancient mariner,” called Mike, who fills up the superstitious branch with uncommon ubiquity and energy. There is a

villanous accomplice hunting Hatfield like a blood-hound for the blood-money offered for his apprehension, and who assumes the disguise of a Dissenting parson, tracing his quondam friend through as many shapes as Proteus ever assumed. There is a chattering, piscatorial, char-catching doctor; a half-witted, puzzling country carrier, Jock; an improving country squire and his charming daughter; a hypochondriac, grumbling valetudinarian, and his aristocracy-worshipping maiden sister; there is the mother of the Beauty who keeps the Traveller's Rest, near Windermere; there is an excellent clergyman who turns out to be Hatfield's father; and there are Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, at length, under the aliases of Golefield, Routhmore, and Woodland. George IV., the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lord Camelford, appear towards the end, in an endeavour to procure a pardon for the convict; but these and a few courtiers and politicians make no great show in the general history.

Such being the *dramatis personæ*, we have to remark that the long colloquies of “the Genii of the Lakes,” i. e. the poets, with the doctor, Hatfield, and others, are rather prosaic, and that the conversational language throughout is stiff and formal. It is in the writing not in the speaking style; and the phraseology a mixture of old and modern picked terms, which fits not one (except, perhaps, one) of the persons who use it. That one is Coleridge, whose dissertative lectures had no touch of ordinary chit-chat; and in developing whose peculiar and intellectual features the author has been more fortunate than in any other of his efforts in portraiture.

In consequence of the imperfections to which we have alluded, there is a heaviness about the first half of the work, which drags on without effect. Towards the close of the second volume it becomes more animated, and Hatfield's escape from the church and marriage ceremony is extremely well told. As from its foreknowledge, we cannot hurt the interest through any disclosure of details, we shall cite a part of this as a sample of the author:—

“The bridegroom—‘the bridegroom of fate,’ we may term him—and his destined bride, entered the holy porch together; and here her foot chanced to stumble as she crossed the threshold of the doorway; and a less guileless and confiding being than herself would have drawn an ill omen from the circumstance, according to the simple superstitions of the country. But Gertrude left this to the old female who walked behind her, who, with the fatuity of a genuine old crone, muttered out involuntarily, ‘Ha! that's unlucky!’ Gertrude, however, only felt that it was her lover's arm—her husband's—that supported her step, even as his love supported her heart. Her thoughts were alone on him—on his affection, his protection, his truth, and the happiness she alone looked for or could prize as it should be involved in his. A brief space intervened, and now the rite was performed—the benison pronounced—the pair were one. The gratulations of the good priest were yet on his lips when a loud and impatient knocking startled the whole group, roused from its solemn propriety the sacred edifice, and filled the vaulted roof, gallery, and pillared aisle, with echoes at once discordant and profane. Mr. Fenton immediately expressed his surprise at the cause of the clamour, and went in the direction of the church doors, which, by a prudent precaution on the part of our hero, had been kept double-locked,

The representation to the sexton on the preceding evening of his desire of having the ceremony uninterrupted and unintruded on, aided at the same time by the convincing argument of a *douceur*, had completely prevailed with that grave-digging worthy. He was now, accordingly, most conveniently dilatory, while the bridegroom, pretending no less surprise than Fenton, repaired to the small portal of the vestry that opened on the other side of the churchyard, while he desired Gertrude, with a composed air and a smile, not to be alarmed, and consigned her to the care of the old domestic who had accompanied her to the church. The knocking, meantime, still continued, and with increased impatience; and now the sound of crowbars, or some such ponderous instrument, was heard applied to the folding-doors, as though to force them open. Fenton in vain raised his voice to request the assailants to desist, and called for the sexton to come and unlock the doors. His voice, it is needless to say, even if it had rivalled in power and volume that of fifty Stentors and five hundred Lab-laches, would have been drowned in the echoes of the church, which were permitted to have no cessation. The sexton, a bit of a knave himself, had been so well tutored and bribed in the course of the instructions Renmore had given him on the preceding evening, with a precaution well-nigh prophetic, that he forgot not one tittle of the part he had to play, and for which he had been so amply 'remembered.' Amongst other little items, he had been instructed to enter the registry of our hero's marriage according to his real name, and as apparent on the genuine 'license' signed by the ordinary. This, by the by, had been procured by our hero on the occasion of his expedition to Cockermouth, so that the validity of his marriage had been secured. To satisfy Fenton, he had shewn the worthy clergyman a counterfeit document, bearing his fictitious name, in which, however, the ordinary's signature was so faithfully executed, that it was impossible to detect one false stroke in the whole manual manœuvre. Thus, with a 'laudable diligence,' no less than consistency of character, we find our accomplished hero still labouring in his vocation of deceiving his fellow-men; and while they would call it 'forging and swindling,' he would call it making them dupes of his dexterity! By such different names are the same things often called, just as things are seen through different 'media.' But to return to the church. The sexton at length came forward with well-assumed bustle, and proceeded to move back the ponderous wards of the lock, with a key big enough to have rivalled that of marble in the hand of St. Peter's colossal statue at the Vatican. The door folds of British oak, tough and black with age, well riveted too, and ribbed with iron, had stood, with their wonted sternness of repose, unshaken and unmoved by the 'assault and battery' that had been directed against them. The moment the wards had given way, in rushed the assailants, like an angry tide that has been repressed, and hastens to force its way forward at the first outlet given for the passage of its fury. In they rushed, and, to the amazement of Mr. Fenton and the bride, inquired for 'a person calling himself Colonel Renmore,' declaring that 'if he was not one of the party present, he must be somewhere concealed in the church!' 'Concealed in the church!—Colonel Renmore! it is true he is in the church, but not concealed in it! He is close at hand; the tumult you made occasioned his looking to see what it could mean;

but what should you want with him?' 'I thought so! I knew should lead you on the right scent!' exclaimed one of the men, turning round to his comrades, and who acted as a guide, or jackal, to hunt down the prey of the officers of justice; for such was the character of the assailants. This man, from the malignant smile that played on his lip, the look of malice and treachery that his pallid countenance displayed, was at once recognised by the bride as no other than Quandish, as a shriek of dismay and fear had escaped her at his untoward intrusion.

"Quandish's eyes sparkled, his heart beat high with malign impatience, at having now brought, as he hoped, the quarry at length to bay. How would his rancour and jealous triumph to mar the union he so envied—to be in time to prevent it, and frustrate the happiness of his rival! The obstacle they met with in finding the church doors studiously barred to prevent all interruption, only confirmed the suspicion and heightened the impatience of the leader of the pack and his eager followers. And now to take up the story at the point where we left it. 'Has the marriage,'—gasped out Quandish, livid with rage, and weak with the effort of forcing the door,—'has the marriage?' 'Taken place?' said Mr. Fenton. 'Yes, certainly; it was concluded just as you began your assault on the doors.' Quandish made no answer at first, but stamped his foot on the pavement, and then exclaimed,—'He has, then, indeed foiled me!' and as he gnashed his teeth and sank back against the column of the aisle, he darted a malignant glance at Gertrude. She (as we have already witnessed) had been ready to sink under the surprise and terror of this whole unexpected, and to her inexplicable and unaccountable scene. She turned with anxiety to the officers of justice, as Mr. Fenton inquired of them, 'What is it you are in want of? or whom in search for? Did you say Colonel Renmore?' 'Colonel Renmore!' was the reply of one of the men, accompanied with a scornful laugh. 'Colonel Rogue, he ought more properly to be called! Why, here is another pretty piece of news come to light about this 'gentleman'! He turns out to be the identical swindler that, under the name of Manners, eluded the vigilance of the Dublin justices so long. But come—what are we doing? we are talking while he is making off,' continued the man to his brother myrmidons. But before we follow them on their pursuit, we must turn to Gertrude. 'Is it possible?' she exclaimed, in a faint voice, as further utterance was denied her, while she sank lifeless on the arm of Mr. Fenton. The bridal wreath fell from her pale, lovely brow as it drooped downwards, and the roses waned on her cheek. Fenton's bosom was divided between painful surprise as regarded the charge made against the bridegroom and concern for the ill-fated girl who was his wife. 'I thought there was something on his mind,' he hastily exclaimed to himself, 'beyond the subject to which the conversation I had with him related. I remember now his embarrassment at the close of his interview with me yesterday evening. And yet, I trust, there is some mistake in all this. If it be true what these men allege—' and then bending his venerable brow over that of Gertrude, as the tear rose in his eyes,—'Unhappy girl!' he exclaimed, 'beloved, unhappy girl!' The good man's thoughts were now solely directed to the care of the cherished child of his adoption, for such his heart esteemed her; while it whispered to him on the present occasion—that she

had yet stronger claims on his tenderness now that she was beset with misfortune. He, therefore, having ascertained that the bridegroom was indeed not to be found, proceeded to leave the sacred edifice with his unfortunate and lovely charge. Quandish, at the same time, starting from the train of his individual regrets, and the unavailing spleen he had vented at being too late to prevent the envied marriage of our hero, directed now his thoughts to the immediate resumption of the pursuit. 'Let us be gone!' he said, as he hastily took the lead of his comrades. 'The game cannot have fled far.' Accordingly, before Mr. Fenton had cleared the threshold of the church-porch, followed by the old female domestic, the myrmidons of justice were again on the track of their prey. They had soon gained the outside of the churchyard palings, but were for a moment at fault, and undecided as to the direction in which they should shape their pursuit. 'Don't go that way,' said Quandish, hastily; 'that leads back to the cover the fox has just been unearthed from. He is farther afield. Go, by all means, in the opposite direction from the village. Be assured we shall soon be on the scent.' 'True—true! It must be so,—he must have taken this way,' said the foremost officer, pointing to a lane that led eastward from the village; 'we'll go this way.' So saying, away they hastened. 'That confounded turning at top of the hill, yonder,' said another of the myrmidons, 'will favour his escape;—but look, what have we here!' he added to Quandish, as they came to a low wall, over which there was a raised stile made, not of wood, but of a huge slab of red sandstone, and which led to a pathway across the fields. 'That was his—that was his!' cried Quandish; 'it is a part of his mock military dress. Look at the embroidery! he cannot be far off!' and his livid countenance, as he spoke, wore an expression of fiendish glee, and his keen, deep-sunk eyes twinkled with a ferocity worthy of a spirit of evil. 'I say, old man!' cried out here the foremost officer, who was about to cross the stile, addressing an aged figure who was sitting on the bank, 'have you seen any one pass this way?' 'Ugh, ugh, ugh!' coughed out the old man, as he slowly raised up his brow, over which the thin silver locks strayed,—'Seen any one pass?' 'Ay! seen any one pass?—a tallish person, with much the appearance (more's the pity) of a gentleman, and dressed in an officer's dress?' 'How long ago do you think it may be?' 'Why, ten minutes, perhaps,' said Quandish, inquiringly. 'Why, ay, then, I did see some one pass; and over that stile, across the field, I reckon.' 'What! where you come out on the Carlisle road?' asked Quandish. 'I can't say for sartin; but I dare say a did. I shouldn't know an agin were I to see un.' 'We should know him again, though, if we were to see him,' they simultaneously cried, as in full triumph of confidence they hurried away from the numbling old man, to improve upon the hint he had given them. Meantime, when their back was turned, the old man (who was not altogether unlike old Mike) having watched them till they had gone some distance, and made a turning round a hedge so that his movements could not be seen, smiled with a look of contempt, as he said, 'You would know him, would you?' At the same time he looked back, at the foot of the stile, where the men, in their hurry to take the wearer, had left the military cloak which had been dropped there, and picking it up, he put it hastily under his

arm, as he proceeded immediately behind the screen of the hedge-side, towards a wood that flanked the field in an opposite direction to that in which he had despatched Quandish and his satellites. On the farther skirts of this wood led a lane, where, after running for some little way in a south-easterly direction, at length came out on the road leading to the West Riding of Yorkshire. From this spot he hastened, till he came to a ridge of hill, the height of which he gained with an alacrity of step which did credit to his years; and then, pausing for breath he looked back northward in the direction where the officers were now pursuing their vain chase, most probably along the Carlisle road. With another smile of contempt, he repeated, with a significance which would have well suited old Mike himself—“You would know him, would you—ha, ha!” It was, however, not the ancient mariner that spoke, but the singular old man whom our readers may remember, as exciting so much the curiosity of Golefield and others at the Buttermere church, and afterwards in company with Mike, in a preceding page of our story.”

It was Hatfield himself, so prolific in disguises; and in a few hours we find him—
“Under the shade of a gnarled oak, whose twisted roots thrust themselves into the water. This person was plainly dressed, in the rustic guise of a well-tanned straw-hat, with broad brim, and yellow as an old beehive; a fustian shooting-jacket and ankle-boots, thick and sturdy as the oak roots on which their wearer rested them. Plain, however, as his outward gear might be, it could not disguise or detract from the superiority of character perceptible in his countenance; and as he turned round on hearing a footstep approach him, and looked up to see who it was that was advancing, there was an expression, thoughtful at once and serene, cheerful at once and intelligent, that interested Jackson. The silvery locks of this our wanderer—the aspect of sorrow that sobered yet more the brow of age—that feebleness, too, of step and the bowed frame which supported it on a stick—no less excited in turn the veneration, and engaged the kindly feeling, of the person who now looked up in Jackson’s face, as this venerable old man accosted him, inquiring the shortest route to Kendal. ‘I will e’en put you in the way myself,’ replied the person, rising from his rude seat; ‘and as you appear a stranger in this wild district, it will afford me much pleasure to be of service in pointing out any objects of curiosity that may lie within our ken.’ And so saying, he walked forward along the bank of the stream, followed by Jackson, who replied—‘You are very good; but my time will scarcely allow me to delay so long in this lovely region as I should desire. Certainly, one spot there is in the neighbourhood which I should have much desired to visit.’ ‘And what is that, pray, might I ask?’ ‘Why, Grasmere; for it is the abode of one whose works must be dear to all who are lovers of nature, and are delighted in finding infused through his page all the chaste and sublime admonitions that her spirit whispers to the heart and mind. I speak of Woodland.’ A smile played upon the lip, and shone in the brow of Jackson’s companion, as he replied, ‘And I think I may say, from what I know of Woodland’s character, that you could not have greater pleasure in visiting his place of abode, than he would feel flattered by the compliment, and endeavour to shew himself sensible of it by any attention he could offer.’ ‘I have no

doubt I should find him every thing that is benign as a man, even as he is sublimely simply and chastely fervent as a poet. You know him well, I dare say.’ ‘Indeed! I ought to know him well. Nor would it be a small or trivial lesson I should have achieved, if, in doing so, I had learned to master that highest trial of philosophy—the Knowledge of Self.’”

This, of course, is Wordsworth; but what further passed between the parties we must leave to the book wherein it is recited. Another of Hatfield’s masquerades, when he had got back to that grand hiding-place London, is thus mentioned, in telling of more of Quandish’s hunt, whose—

“Ill success, so far from making him flag in his pursuit, rather instigated him to a vigilance and perseverance yet more unremitting. Not content with personal inquiries, he advertised the reward he had placarded about in the north. There was not a public journal in which it did not appear, but without any tidings being gleaned of its object. As he was conning over one of these advertisements, it occurred to him that Hatfield had, as an expedient, engaged himself on former occasions of living by his wits in London as a contributor to a public journal,—nay, he had been admitted as joint editor in one journal in particular, which interested itself on questions of Irish internal policy, and in illustrating which, Hatfield’s acquaintance with Ireland had enabled him to be of much service. ‘May he not now,’ pondered the ex-preacher, ‘have resorted to this method of supporting himself, as it affords especial opportunities for concealment?’ The moment this thought struck Quandish, a ray of satisfaction lit up his malign and brooding countenance. It appeared to him now as if a certain clue was afforded him of arriving at some discovery of his wished-for victim. Flinging aside, then, the paper he was perusing, away he hastened to the office of the journal in question, concerning whose conduct, management, and editorship, he was now so curious to glean intelligence. To afford this, however, was no business of the clerks and minor superintendents in the office of its public delivery, and the answers he received were very short. He was informed generally that there were several editors. Accordingly, he left the office, but took care to watch patiently, to see where the letters and communications to the different editors were conveyed; his spies following the bearers in all directions, and reporting to him the character of the place or residence where the packets were delivered. The reason is obvious of his wishing to learn the character of the peculiar spot where any of these communications were taken; for if it should be marked by any circumstances of secrecy or particular privacy, his suspicions would derive confirmation, and his pursuit be encouraged to proceed with increased alacrity. His hopes of some such result as this being afforded his inquiry were not altogether disappointed. He heard that in one instance a boy with communications had been followed to a very desolate habitation, where he merely put the letters through an aperture in the door, made for that purpose. To this spot he determined on directing his instant inquiries; and on repairing thither, he found no trace of any one living there. ‘Some one,’ he thought, ‘must come to this desolate spot to take the letters that are delivered here, however deserted it may be in itself—however little any one may stay or reside here.’ The door before which he stood

was that of a room near one of the ‘inns of court,’ at the top of a narrow, crazy staircase. It was towards dark when he went, at a period when he conjectured it was most probable that a person wishing to preserve concealment, or pass under disguise, would call for letters and communications. He was not mistaken; for after waiting for some little time in a nook of the recess formed by the landing-place, he perceived an old woman come up the stairs, and, after having unlocked the door, disburden a box (something like an alms’ box for the poor), fixed to the inside of it, and which contained the papers thrust through the aperture from without. After doing this, she appeared to have performed the extent of her commission, for she did not even enter the room or rooms (whichever might be the case) to perform any domestic duties, and which might indicate that any one led his miserable existence on this spot. Her only object, or duty, seemed to be to carry away the contents of the box.”

Through this extraordinary kind of newspaper communication, which, we daresay, will be thought very original by all our brethren of the periodical press, Hatfield is tracked, and a scene of the terroro-horresco follows, for which we can only refer to the writer; whilst we conclude with the briefest possible specimen we could select of the misuse of verbiage:—

“So saying, Golefield, adding his regrets to those of the good old mariner, followed the train that conducted to its spot of destination, and accompanied with their sympathies—the bowed lily—the *scattered gem*—the blighted ‘Beauty’ of Buttermere.”

Still, with all its faults, we are inclined to think that a majority of novel readers will be gratified in the perusal of this publication.*

MAXWELL’S LIFE OF WELLINGTON, SECOND VOLUME.

[Second notice.]

No part of the expense of illustration, great as it must have been, has been better bestowed than on the fine whole-length after Lawrence, and the vignette of Walmer Castle by Campion, prefixed to this volume. Lord Beresford, by Bradley, Sir H. Hardinge, and the veteran Lord Lynedoch, also adorn it; but our business is to make a few selections from the text; and now as we have Wellington in unimpeded command and active operations it becomes more and more important. We adopt, first, the passage of the Douro after the French had destroyed the bridge behind them and marched to Oporto:—

“No general, and he victorious, was more painfully situated than Sir Arthur Wellesley. A river, deep, rapid, and three hundred yards across, rolled its dark waters in his front; a bold and vigorous enemy lay beyond it; no means of transport were provided; and on the instant passage of that formidable stream, more than success depended: for not only the enemy might elude his attack, but an isolated corps was endangered.—Soulé might retire unmolested into Galicia if he pleased—or, by attacking Beresford singly, overpower him by superior force, and enter Beira. Danger often stimulates bravery to startling, but successful enterprises; and in this emergency, Wellesley decided on as bold an effort as modern warfare

* The author has referred to so many actual personages and facts, that we notice having in our possession a scarce portrait of his heroine, published by Vernor and Flood, in 1863. It is engraved by Mackenzie, after a drawing by W. Bennett, and represents the Beauty with luxuriant hair and a cottage-bonnet put carelessly on her head, with the hind part in front. The countenance, and particularly the eyes, give a fair idea of rustic loveliness.—*Ed. L. G.*

parallels,—the crossing of the Douro.' From the heights which concealed his own troops, Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded an uninterrupted view of the country for miles around—and the Vallonga road at once fixed his attention. Dust rose in thick clouds,—baggage could be seen occasionally,—and the march of Soult's column was readily detected. Directly opposite the heights of Serra, a building of great extent, encircled by a wall which surrounded a considerable area, was discovered. 'The Seminary' was particularly strong. It had but one entrance, and that communicated with the Vallonga road, and was secured by an iron gate. Could this edifice be occupied, Wellesley might open a passage for his army,—but where were means to be obtained by which troops could be thrown across the stream, and the seizure of that building effected? A barrier, to all appearance impassable, was unfortunately interposed. Where no hope presents itself, the most ardent spirit will yield. Before Wellesley rolled the Douro,—and 'Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!' By what trifling agencies have not the boldest projects been successfully carried out! but, in the annals of modern warfare, never was a splendid enterprise achieved, whose opening means were so superlatively contemptible. Colonel Waters, a Portuguese partisan, had communicated to Sir Arthur the information that the bridge had been destroyed, and he had been despatched on what appeared the hopeless errand of finding some mode of transport. Fortune unexpectedly befriended him: a barber of Oporto had eluded the vigilance of Soult's patrols, and paddled his skiff across the river. Him the colonel found in company with the Prior of Amarante; and the latter having volunteered his services, the barber consented to assist, and with these unarmy associates, Waters crossed the stream, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with several large barges. Seizing the boon which fortune offered, Sir Arthur instantly got twenty pieces of cannon placed in battery in the convent gardens, and despatched General John Murray, with the Germans, part of the 14th light dragoons, and two guns, to cross the river at Avintas, and descend by the opposite bank. Not a movement in the city shewed that the enemy apprehended an attack—not a patrol had shewed itself—and an ominous tranquillity bespoke a fatal confidence. A barge was reported ready to attempt a passage. 'Let the men cross!' was the laconic order; and that order was promptly obeyed. An officer and twenty-five of the 3d regiment (Buffs) jumped on board; and in twelve minutes they had landed, unseen and unmolested. A second boat effected its passage with similar celerity and equal fortune; but the third, in which General Paget had embarked, was discovered by the enemy,—and a scene which may be fancied, but not described, ensued. The rattle of the French drums, as they beat to arms, was nearly drowned in the outcries of the citizens, who witnessed the daring effort, which they encouraged by their cheers, but which, unhappily, they wanted means to second. Disregarding order in their anxiety to reach the threatened point, the French troops poured out of the city, their skirmishers hurrying on in double-quick to arrest, if possible, the further transit of the boats, and crush those already landed, before they could be supported from the other shore. The British artillery thundered from the convent garden; and the divisions of Paget, Hill, and Sherbrooke, crowded the banks,

gazing on a contest in which, for the present, they could take no share. The seminary was furiously assailed—General Paget was severely wounded—and the command devolved on General Hill. On each side the numbers of the combatants increased; but on the French side, in fourfold number. To one side of the building, however, the French attack was restricted; for the guns from the Serra swept the other approaches, and maintained a fire, under which, from its precision and rapidity, the French refused to come forward. Presently the lower portion of the city was abandoned, and the inhabitants pushed boats over the river, and, in large parties, brought the guards across. Three battalions were already established in the seminary. The detached corps, under Murray, was descried moving rapidly down the right bank of the Douro; and the assailants abandoned the attack, and commenced a disorderly retreat."

One portion of Soult's desperate retreat is thus described:—

"By generals of the common stamp Soult's prospects would have been considered hopeless and irremediable; but with that energetic resolution for which the French marshal's character was remarkable, though astounded, he did not despond. Selecting the most daring among his officers, he gave him one hundred chosen grenadiers, a troop of cavalry, and an order to force the bridge. Major Dulong proved that Soult had not been deceived in the person to whom this desperate duty had been confided. He reached the bridge in silence; a storm was raging furiously; and, amid the howling gusts of wind, the approaching footsteps of the French grenadiers were unheard by the advanced sentinel, and the soldier was bayoneted at his post. A strip of masonry, barely sufficient for a man to cross by, was all that remained of the bridge; and the waters of the Cavedo, swollen by an angry flood which came down in torrents from the mountains, were roaring awfully beneath it. Unappalled, Dulong crept over this perilous arch. A soldier followed, but not with equal fortune; he lost his footing, and perished. Other brave men were not wanting—eleven crept across—fell unexpectedly upon the Portuguese guard, and, favoured by night and the false security of its defenders, carried a post which a dozen resolute men could have made good against a thousand. The repairs of the bridge were quickly effected; but the British artillery were already up; and as the French filed over they suffered an enormous loss. A second and more formidable obstacle barred the route. The mountain-path, scarped from the hill-side, terminated in a narrow arch flung across a torrent, called 'The Saltador.' It was held by some Portuguese partisans; and two attempts made by Soult to carry it had failed. A third, however, proved successful,—and the French effected their retreat."

We cannot do better than offer some particulars of the famous battle of Talavera:—

"No Peninsular triumph brings with it more glorious reminiscences than the hard-fought field of Talavera. The conqueror of that day won afterwards more brilliant and more important victories, but he never fought a battle, where he was more vigorously pressed or so perseveringly assailed. At Talavera, Wellesley had a double duty to perform. He had to provide for the safety of an intractable old man, and dispose an inferior force, on which only reliance could be placed, in a position where they could bear the brunt of the whole battle, and withstand the furious efforts

of a veteran army, in every arm thrice their strength. The contest opened under favourable auspices; for by the first movement of the French Sir Arthur Wellesley was nearly made a prisoner. The divisions of Lapierre and Ruffin crossed the Alberche, and advanced so rapidly on the Casa de Salinas, that the English general, who was at the moment in the house, had scarcely time allowed to enable him to mount and ride off. This was the most decisive advantage the French gained. By some unaccountable inattention, no pickets were in front, and the French columns were immediately upon the British brigades, before the latter were apprised that the enemy were advancing. Two young battalions, both Irish, and both afterwards remarkable where all were brave, for their daring in attack and their indifference under fire, got into confusion, and were forced back in some disorder. The 45th and part of the 60th checked the enemy's advance, and Wellesley, in person, directed the retreat of the infantry. In safety they reached the position, covered by the cavalry—Mackenzie taking his ground behind the guards—Donkin forming on the high ground to the left that had not as yet been occupied, while the cavalry drew up in column in the rear. At this period, the battle was seriously endangered, Cuesta, from the strength of his position, might have been considered safe enough; but, as it appeared, no local advantages could secure his wretched troops, or render them trustworthy for an hour. While Victor, animated by the success of his first operation, followed Donkin with Villate's division and the whole of his light cavalry and guns; the fourth corps and French reserve, which were directed against the right, sent their cavalry forward to induce the Spaniards to unmask their line of battle.—'The French horsemen rode boldly up to the front, and commenced skirmishing with their pistols, and the Spaniards answered them with a general discharge of small arms; but then, ten thousand infantry, and all the artillery, breaking their ranks, fled to the rear: the artillerymen carried off their horses; the infantry threw away their arms, and the adjutant-general O'Donogue was amongst the foremost of the fugitives. Nay, Cuesta himself was in movement towards the rear. The panic spread, and the French would fain have charged; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was at hand, immediately flanked the main road with some English squadrons: the ditches on the other side rendered the country impracticable; and the fire of musketry being renewed by those Spaniards who remained, the enemy lost some men, and finally retreated in disorder.' The confusion occasioned in the rear by this panic is indescribable: cattle, baggage, and stores, were in all directions hurried off; while the runaways spread over the whole country, reporting that the English were cut to pieces, and the French cavalry already at their heels. During the night a large proportion of the fugitives were overtaken by their own horsemen, and driven back at the sword's point to the position they had abandoned; but fully six thousand of Cuesta's troops could not be recovered, and were returned as missing in the morning. Night had now set in, and, encouraged by the singular confusion among the Spaniards on the right, and perceiving that the apex of the ridge upon the left was unoccupied, Victor determined, by a sudden assault, to carry what he justly considered to be the key of the English position. Ruffin was instantly ordered forward with his division, supported by Villate's; while

Lapise, by a false attack upon the Germans, was intended to effect a diversion. The attack was furiously made, and, at first, gallantly repelled by Donkin's brigade; but superior numbers succeeded, the English left was turned, and the ridge behind it crowned by the enemy. General Hill, who had advanced to Donkin's assistance with the 48th regiment, in the twilight mistook the French for British stragglers, and rode hastily into their ranks. His brigade-major was shot dead, and his own horse seized by a grenadier. The general, however, shook him off, galloped down the hill, placed himself at the head of the 29th, led them up the heights, and gallantly restored the battle. * * *

"The fighting had lasted without intermission from five in the morning. The slaughter on both sides had been immense, and the heat became intolerable. By a sort of tacit understanding the struggle ceased on both sides about nine o'clock, each availing themselves of the brief repose which both so much required. The French appeared dispirited; for three hours not a movement was made nor a musket discharged; and it was a question with us whether we should advance, and in our turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where we were, and await the result of the enemy's deliberations." During this cessation of hostilities, an incident of rare occurrence in war produced an interesting display of generous feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies. "A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine-flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and, to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point." The assault of the fourth corps on the British centre was as furious and disastrous as that of Ruffin's. Sebastiani's attack was boldly made, and the French came on with an assured courage that seemed resolved to sweep away every obstacle that opposed it. Covered by a cloud of light troops, the columns passed the broken ground with imposing determination, only to encounter opponents still more determined than themselves. "The English regiments, putting the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing columns with loud shouts, and, breaking in on their front, and lapping their flanks with fire, gave them no respite, and pushed them back with a terrible carnage. Ten guns were taken; but, as General Campbell prudently forbore pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made a show of attacking again. Vain attempt! The British artillery and musketry played furiously upon their masses, and a Spanish regiment of cavalry charging on their flank at the same time, the whole retired in disorder,

and the victory was secured in that quarter. As victory is ever damped by individual suffering, an event well calculated to increase the horrors of a battle-field occurred, that cannot be recollected without the liveliest sorrow for those who suffered. "From the heat of the weather, the fallen leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement, both were ignited by the blaze of some cartridge-papers, and the whole surface of the ground was presently covered with a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions who had escaped unhurt; but, unhappily, many gallant sufferers, with 'medicable wounds,' perished in the flames before it was possible to extricate them." The most daring and the most disastrous effort of the day remains to be narrated. The French, still intent upon seizing the left of the position, moved up the valley in force; and Anson's light brigade of cavalry was ordered to charge the columns as they came forward. The ground was treacherous—flat, apparently, to the eye, while a dangerous and narrow ravine secured the French infantry completely. The word was given; the brigade advanced at a steady canter; a plain was, as they believed, before them, and in full blood, what should check their career? Colonel Elley, who was some lengths in advance of the 23d, was the first who discovered the obstacle in their road, and vainly endeavoured to check the charge, and apprise his companions of the dangerous ground they had to pass; but, advancing with such velocity, the line was on the verge of the stream before his signs could be either understood or attended to. Under any circumstances this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge; but when it is considered that four or five hundred dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry, unbroken, and fully prepared for the onset, to have persevered at all was highly honourable to the regiment. At this moment the enemy, formed in squares, opened his tremendous fire. A change immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back, dragging their unhorsed riders with them. The German hussars pulled up; but although the line of the 23d was broken, still that regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased; but no hesitation took place in the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed on with, if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left." It was strange that, under such circumstances, men should think of any thing but securing a retreat. The Germans, on arriving at the brink of the ravine, had reined sharply up; and though they suffered heavily from the French musketry, galloped out of fire, and re-formed behind Bassecourt's Spanish division, which was in observation in the rear. Struggling through the water-course, the survivors of the 23d, as they gained the bank in twos and threes, formed, and passing the French infantry at speed, "fell with inexpressible fury on a brigade of chasseurs in the rear." A moment of success attended this reckless display of valour; but a body of Polish lancers and Westphalian light-horse came up, and to resist such odds were hopeless. The situation of the 23d was now very critical. To return directly from whence the regiment had advanced was impracticable. By doing so, the surviving soldiers must have again sustained a close and

deadly fire from the French squares; and although the chasseurs had given way, another line of cavalry was in their front. To their right was the whole French army; to their left, and in rear of the enemy's infantry, was the only possible line of escape. This was adopted. In small parties, or singly, they again regained the valley, reforming in rear of General Fane's brigade, the advance of which had been countermanded after the unsuccessful result of the first charge was ascertained. A furious attack made upon Sherbrooke's division was among the most gallant efforts of the day. Under a storm of artillery, the French columns fairly came forward, as if they intended to leave the issue to 'cold iron'; but they never crossed a bayonet, were charged in turn, and repelled with serious loss. 'Who has ever seen an unbroken line preserved in following up a successful bayonet charge?' The guards, carried forward by victorious excitement, advanced too far, and found themselves assailed by the French reserve, and mowed down by an overwhelming fire. 'They fell back; but as whole sections were swept away, their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented a total *déroute*. Their situation was most critical—had the French cavalry charged home, nothing could have saved them. Lord Wellington saw the danger, and speedily despatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and our regiment moved from the heights we occupied to assist our hard-pressed comrades. We came on at double-quick, and formed in the rear by companies, and through the intervals in our line the broken ranks of the guards retreated. A close and well-directed volley from us arrested the progress of the victorious French, while, with amazing celerity and coolness, the guards rallied and re-formed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support us. As they came on, the men gave a loud huzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort. It may be readily imagined that the loss entailed upon both armies, by a sanguinary and protracted struggle like that of Talavera, must be enormous. On the British side, Generals Mackenzie and Langworth fell; and the entire casualties amounted to 5423. The French loss was infinitely greater. According to the returns of Jourdan and Semele, they had two general officers and 944 killed, 6294 wounded, and 156 made prisoners—being, in all, 7389. But English and Spanish writers assert that their casualties were much greater, and return the total loss at fully 10,000 men. 'The battle ended at about six o'clock, and after that hour scarcely a shot was heard. Both armies occupied the positions of the morning, and the British bivouacked on the field, with little food and no shelter; while the dead lay silently around, and the moans of the wounded broke sadly on the ear, as they were conveyed all through the night to the hospitals in Salamanca.' The total failure of Lapise's attack, who was mortally wounded in leading his division on, after it had been shattered and disordered by the closely delivered volleys of the English regiments, was the signal for a general retreat. The French, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, retired to their own position, leaving seventeen guns in the possession of the victors. The marvel is that

any trophy could be won. The English, worn out by fatigue, and literally starving—with now scarcely fourteen thousand men embattled—were incapable of further exertion; while their useless allies, though fresh and undamaged, dared not be employed, as they were not even to be trusted when behind banks and breastworks, and were utterly unequal to attempt the simplest evolutions. A damp, cold night succeeded a burning day. Without food, covering, or even water, the British bivouacs were cheerless enough; but, except from wounded men, not a murmur was heard—not a complaint escaped. When morning broke, the English brigades—“feeble and few, but fearless still”—rose at the first tap of the drum, and once more stood gallantly to their arms.”

Spanish ingratitude followed this gallant sacrifice; but here for the present we must pause.

A Treatise on the Steam-Engine. From the Seventh Edition of the “Encyclopædia Britannica.” By John Scott Russell. 8vo. pp. 321. Edinburgh, 1841. A. and C. Black.

THE responsibility of the articles “Steam” and “Steam-engine,” for the seventh edition of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” could not have been intrusted to one apparently more devoted to, or more promising in, his profession, than Mr. Scott Russell, or more worthy to succeed Dr. Robison as illustrator of the steam-engine in its several relations and alterations. We need, however, scarcely have said apparently or promising, for he has already evinced the powers of mind requisite for eminence, and given proofs of persevering investigation, by results in which devotedness in pursuit must have been an element. The *Treatise* before us adds to the high opinion we had already formed of the author, whose name we need only conjoin with “Waves,” or with the British Association, to bring familiarly and favourably to our readers’ recollection. The cheap form in which this historical and practical account and illustration of a power, and the application thereof, occupying more or less the attention of the whole civilised world, is given to the public as a reprint, will render it available to many who would otherwise, perhaps, be debarred the complete gratification of their laudable curiosity. There are hundreds who, seeing an effect, are indifferent to the cause or the means whereby the result has been brought about; to such no treatise would be of any worth. But to those who are desirous to understand the principles upon which the steam-engine depends, the history of their application, from the steam-engine of the Marquess of Worcester to the atmospheric engine of Smeaton, and to the pure steam-engine of Watt, together with the high-pressure engine of Oliver Evans of Philadelphia, and the admirable proportions, constructions, and adaptations, of the modern engine, locomotive and stationary, we cannot recommend a more clear or able aid than the “Encyclopædia Britannica” *Treatise*.

The Oratory; or, the Testimony of Scripture on the Subject of Prayer. By Lucy Barton. 18mo. pp. 231. London, 1841. Harvey and Darton.

THE profits of this little volume are dedicated to the fund for building the new church at Woodbridge; and assuredly its piety and beauty render it worthy of furnishing the corner-stone for that edifice. Among the

contributors to its graceful and godly pages are Bernard Barton as well as Lucy; and selections from many popular religious publications. As a sweet specimen of the whole we copy the following by our poet, so esteemed of old:—

“Then cometh Jesus with them into a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. And he went a little further, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—*Matthew*, xxvi. 36, 39.

“If thus our Lord himself withdrew
Stealing at times away,
E’en from the loved, the chosen few,
In solitude to pray,
How should his followers frail and weak,
Such seasons of retirement seek!
Seldom amid the strife and din
Of sublimity things,
Can spirits keep their watch within,
Or plume their heavenward wings:
He must dwell deep, indeed, whose heart
Can thus fulfil true wisdom’s part.
Retirement must adjust the beam,
And prayer must poise the scales:
Our Guide, Example, Head supreme,
In neither lesson fails;
Oh may we in remembrance bear,
He sought retirement—practised prayer!”
BERNARD BARTON.”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOURNEY FROM IQUIQUE TO TARAPACA PLAIN, PERU.
By a Naval Surgeon.

ON the evening of March 7th, 1833, H. M. S. *Tyne* anchored off Iquique, all the inhabitants of which were seen hurrying with their property to the hills, and, after a time, the harbour-master ventured cautiously off, first rowing suspiciously round, and peeping in at every port, while listening with eager ear to the language in which the orders were given. His fears being at last a little allayed, he ventured up the side, and explained the cause of alarm to be a report of the captain of an American schooner just left, that a pirate vessel was off the coast (describing the *Tyne*), standing in for Iquique; which we afterwards ascertained to be a story hatched with the view of frightening the inhabitants to put their valuables on board, on which he might have freight, as he had just passed us the day previous, laying to for the purpose of affording medical assistance to an American whaler and crew. Iquique is a most miserable place, upon a small peninsula, built either of stone and clay, sun-dried bricks, or wood, with a desert extending every where around; all the provisions having to be brought from distant places, and even the water forty miles by sea from Pisagua, or thirty miles inland from the wells of Tarapaca. The air is so perfectly dry that the dead shrivel up into mummies without corruption, and, after a time, are piled away in a receptacle of the church, like webs of cloth in the shop of a woollen-draper. Neither here, nor in the whole of Lower Peru, do metallic articles rust, nor do even clothes wet with salt water become damp: such is the total want of moisture in the air. This air-dryness, however, conjoined with the reflected heat from the bare desert, obliges those who value their skin to muffle their face up like the Tuarick pictured in Denham and Clapperton’s travels, with only the eyes visible, and to grease it every hour to boot with coco

* Though performed a few years ago, the information contained in this paper has so much of geological and geographical interest (not to mention its commercial uses), that we have pleasure in giving it a place left vacant whilst our learned and scientific societies are not sitting.—*Ed. L. G.*

butter, a neglect of which on my part made me cast a mask of burnt cuticle from my face, as thick as a snake-skin. Iquique was a place of some note formerly, from being the site of export for the produce of the once valuable silver mines of Guantahaya and Santa Rosa, situate to the left and right on opposite hills at a nine miles distance, the way to them being a zig-zag path up the face of the steep acclivity worn by the feet of the pack-donkeys. Its inhabitants are principally fishermen, who make a poor livelihood by supplying those of their own miserable town, and of the equally miserable Guantahaya and Santa Rosa. It had been brought into some note of late from being the nearest available port to the nitre grounds on the plain of Tarapaca, and hence had drawn agents from English, French, German, and Belgian mercantile houses, as residents to it. Mr. Wilson (son of Sir Robert Wilson), having come out passenger in the *Tyne* as consul-general to Peru, our object in calling at Iquique was to enable him to visit the nitre grounds and manufactories in order to ascertain how far the works might be extended. Having requested me to accompany him, we set out on the following morning, mounted on mules, accompanied as guide by Señor Mendizabal, an old Biscayan, who, an active smuggler of English goods at the period of Spanish rule, had now, with most of the other smugglers, betaken himself to the nitre manufacture; after the destruction of their favourite trade by free commerce, the isolation from all fellow-beings in the desert seeming most congenial to the habits previously acquired. We had also as companion Mr. Nagel, an intelligent Belgian gentleman (who spoke English fluently), the agent of a mercantile house that kept several nitre manufactories employed. As we proceeded on our mules, not the slightest sign of vegetable or animal life was any where visible, except a solitary starved lizard, and a pair of gallinazos watching the movements of a donkey train, expecting to feast upon one at least of the party—not a fly or mosquito to annoy, from there being nothing to encourage the formation of a colony. The narrow plain between the sea and the hills is composed mainly of undulating sands, some possessing all the properties of quicksand, burying those alive who attempt to pass. The face of the acclivity was found to be an indurated clay, with sand-ridges and strata of brilliantly white salt projecting out like snow-wreaths at intervals. On reaching the top, the church spires of Guantahaya and Santa Rosa came in view, and turning to the left toward the former, we soon reached the hospitable house of Don B. De la Fuente, one of the family proprietors of the mines, the brother of the Peruvian president of the same name ejected by the wife of Gamarra. Guantahaya formerly contained, he said, 5000 inhabitants, but had now only 400, these having mostly a strong Indian cast of feature, and all looking healthy and robust, although their sole food is roasted Indian corn from the irrigated parts of Peru, fish from Iquique, and dried beef from Chili. Observing a great disparity between the children and the adults, the former so much exceeding the latter, I was told this arose from the want of mining employment, driving of late all the grown-up of both sexes to seek subsistence elsewhere. The houses are built of stone and clay, of sun-dried bricks, or of wood, the roofs flat and thatched with reeds, and the better ones having verandahs for shade. The

water comes, chiefly, on donkeys' backs, from the wells of Tarapaca, twenty-one miles distant, and is sold at six shillings per hundred lbs.; bread being sixpence per lb. and eggs threepence a-piece. The house of our host was wooden, and reed-thatched, with a verandah in front, having been built by his grandfather, since whose entry to the mine 200,000,000 of dollars had been extracted, paying 3,000,000 of that in duty to the government, the workings having commenced 150 years ago. His house furnishings consisted of old carved Spanish, as well as modern French chairs, tables of the old style, old-fashioned wine-glasses and decanters, a goodly stock of modern English crockery, which with a library with the works of Voltaire and Rousseau occupying the most prominent place; and specimens of silver ores and rolls of dollars piled in all directions around, completed the picture. He had quickly ready for lunch goodly dishes of ham and eggs, and broiled fowl, with Chileno cheese, fine wheat bread, English ale, claret, and a finishing dram of the Peruvian liqueur called "Pisco de Italia," prepared us for examining the "old mine." We found the entrance secured by double gates and locks, the height being so limited as to oblige stooping nearly double, while the descent was zig-zag, and so steep as to require the urchins who preceded us to wedge our feet at intervals with stones, in order to prevent a downward slide. We were lighted by little tallow lamps, which the youngsters managed to trim up most adroitly with a pointed piece of wood, whenever a growing dimness was observed. The soil as we descended seemed chiefly hard dry clay, with intervening dull-looking rocky strata, and whitish perpendicular inclining sparkling veins, in which the silver ore is situated. It was astonishing to see how quick even the youngest boys could tell whether or not the specimens we picked up contained silver, some of a silvery brilliancy which we looked upon as rich in the metal being thrown contemptuously from them with a "No hay plata" (There is no silver), while others that we would have rejected turned out, on their examination, to be valuable. So perfect, indeed, is the knowledge of Peruvian miners in the value of the ore, by simple inspection, that a French gentleman engaged in Peruvian mining informed me he had sent specimens home to Paris for analysis, after hearing the opinion of the miners, and that he found but little difference between the two. In our descent we were shewn, as a curiosity, a small pool of acid water, and Mr. Wilson was presented with a shell which had been found full of silver in the lower part of the mine. Owing to a falling in of the earth to a considerable extent near the bottom of the mine, it had not been worked for some time, which our host was anxious about, as he said the produce had always varied so little, that a certain profit could be calculated upon, but not having sufficient funds to clear the earth-fall out, he had opened a new mine just discovered, at about a mile distance, which he meant to work no longer than after obtaining enough of dollars from it to carry his wishes into effect. In the new mine we were shewn an excavation out of which a piece of pure silver, weighing seventy pounds, had been dug, but our host told us that this was always a sign of general poverty in a mine. Santa Rosa, on the opposite hills, contains about the same number of inhabitants as Guantabaya, and its mine was once equally rich, but it is now worked

too deep to yield a proper profit. It had been purchased by an English company during the mining mania, who sent out an engineer with English miners, and a steam-engine to pump off the water, but on their arrival they were informed that not the slightest vestige of even moisture had ever been seen; and, after a time, finding the utter hopelessness of even clearing the miner's wages by the produce of the workings, it was left a useless present in the hands of the original proprietors. After finishing, on the following morning, an excellent breakfast of coffee, chocolate, claret, and broiled fowls, we mounted our mules, and started for the nitre grounds. The country in our route presented the same desert appearance as that we had already passed,—drifting sands, undulating hills of hard clay, and seams of salt, with various porphyritic and slaty rocks, scattered roughly over its surface. The immense number of donkey skeletons on our route shewed the vast havoc yearly made among them in passing and repassing through a country totally destitute of food or water, the traveller requiring no other guide than the lines of skeletons to conduct him from Iquique, on the coast, to the habitable parts of the interior. At last, after surmounting some elevated ridges, the lofty, snow-capped line of the Andes burst delightedly upon my view,—a view which I have heard every traveller who first saw the Andes under similar circumstances declare to be the most enchanting he had ever witnessed, and to me, covered with dust and perspiration, with my brains in a perfect broil under a tropical sun, the sight was so refreshing that I almost fancied myself becoming cooler and cooler as I continued to gaze. Toward evening we reached the house of our host, situated upon the verge of the plain, with stone and clay walls, and flat reed roof, as in Guantabaya and Iquique. Every thing in it was tidy, and the furnishings such as we did not anticipate in so wild a place,—a large neat table extending across the upper part of the dining place, and an equally neat sofa across it, the chairs having high, deeply-carved backs; while a goodly display of blue English crockery, tumblers, and wine-glasses, filled the lower shelves along the wall, and bottles of Pico and Moquega wine, and Pisco brandy, the upper. All the metallic vessels and implements, even to the meanest utensil, were of rudely manufactured silver; the family consisting of a son and daughter, both very intelligent young people; and the former, having been intended at first for the church, had a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek, and acquaintance with ancient history. Our beds were made up in the family chapel, which contained prints of the Virgin and a variety of saints, all of the rudest description. In the morning, after breakfast, we set out to examine the nitre quarries and clarifying works. The nitre is found upon only a small portion of the plain, extending along where the latter and high grounds between it and the sea blend together for a distance, in a north and south bearing, of about 150 miles; but nitre works are only as yet established upon a small portion of this line. It is combined with the soil to the depth of three feet, the two forming so hard a mass as to require boring and blasting, after which it is pounded, dissolved, clarified, and crystallised, and packed off on donkeys to Iquique, where it sells for three and a half dollars per 100 lbs., duty included. The residuum, after the extraction of the nitre, both from taste and appearance, could not be mistaken, while the further information that it was a deadly poison, and that clothes once wet with it never dried,

still more clearly pointed out the muriate of lime. The manner of the nitre's primary formation seems, therefore, to have been as follows:—The high grounds bordering the plain toward the sea abound with salt strata and rocks containing lime, so that the rains bringing the two to act upon each other in the washing of both downwards, the lime consequently extracted the muriatic acid from the salt, forming muriate of lime on the one hand, and soda on the other; the conversion of the latter into nitre being afterwards effected by absorption of nitric acid from the atmosphere, the latter containing its two constituents (oxygen and nitrogen), that only require a lightning flash through them to convert them into nitric acid, as is found to be the case with an electric spark. But this would infer a very different state of climate in former times to what exists now, where not a drop of rain ever falls, and thunder and lightning are equally unknown, and the whole aspect of the plain shews this former reverse state in the numerous now dry river-beds, and streams covered with the usual water-rolled, rounded stones, but still more in the extensive forests of the prickly acacia (that exists in a stunted state on some parts of the plain at the present day, and this enabled me to compare the two), which are called by the natives "mines of wood," and have been in requisition from time immemorial in furnishing fire-wood for the smelting-houses and nitre works. These have evidently been all overthrown by the same catastrophe, laying in beds together at the same depth, with their roots towards the Andes. There is only one way of accounting for such changes, viz. that the Andes range was formerly so low as to admit of the trade-wind carrying over a sufficiency of moisture to nourish the forests on the western side, and supply streams of running water to the rivers there; and that the present elevation of the Andes range to a height which precludes the possibility of a particle of moisture being carried over them by the trade-wind, took place at the time of or posterior to the catastrophe which laid level the forest. A successive series of such elevations has no doubt taken place since then, from the Andes being now many thousand feet higher than requisite to precipitate by their coldness the whole of the trade-wind moisture, which must naturally have taken a series of ages to accomplish. This gradual elevation is still going on, after earthquakes, along the coast-line of both Chili and Peru, and probably even now extends to—

Andes, giant of the Western Star.

The valley of Atacama, and a number of other Peruvian places similarly situated to Tarapaca with respect to climate, have also the same "mines of wood" and dry river-beds with rolled pebbles, shewing that the catastrophe uprooting the forests, had an extensive range along the western Peruvian coast. The wells supplying the water for the nitre works and the inhabitants of Guantabaya and Santa Rosa, are situate a very short distance beyond the verge of the nitre grounds, and vary from sixty to eighty feet in depth, the water (which is slightly brackish) being drawn up, as in England, by a roller worked by hand with a rope and bucket attached to it. This nitre, as it is called, is not the proper nitre which is the nitrate of potassa and soda, but simply the nitrate of soda. The proper nitre is an efflorescent salt, which dries up into a light powder when exposed even to a moist atmosphere, while the nitrate of soda of Tarapaca is a deliquescent salt that runs to solution under

similar circumstances; but the climate of Western Peru being totally destitute of moisture, hence this nitrate is found to answer well there in the manufacture of gunpowder as a substitute for the real nitre, and in which way it has long been applied. Its principal use in Europe is manufacturing rockets and other fireworks for saint-day displays in Catholic countries, the incasement of the ingredients in substances preventing the access of moisture or damp from affecting them. Western Peru furnishing almost nothing but the precious metals to make a return to England in payment of manufactures, hence this nitre was immediately hailed as a great boon to the return ships by furnishing them with a profitable ballast. Many other mineral substances exist on this coast, from which an equally good trade might be derived; among which I may mention the anhydrous Glauber salt (having no water of crystallisation), of which a nephew of the celebrated Bolivar at Cobija, who gave me a specimen, told me there was an inexhaustible supply in the valley of Atacama and other contiguous places. The sulphate of soda, or Glauber salt, is now extensively used in England in the manufacture of British soda, hence it may be advisable for mercantile men to turn their attention to these Peruvian mines, where it is got for the digging; and the water of crystallisation amounting to about half of the weight, hence this Peruvian sulphate must be double the value, as relates to weight, to that of England, while only half the freight is paid in its transmission, from this fifty per cent absence of water in its composition. The "wood mines" of Tarapaca owe their exploration mainly to all the silver ore from Guantabaya and Santa Rosa having to be sent there for smelting, on account of the total absence of timber around the mines. Even our host did a little in this way, having retorts and all other implements on a small and rude scale for the attraction of the silver. After a substantial early dinner on stewed fowls and potatoes, followed by a dessert of water-melons and grapes from the irrigated ground adjoining the town of Tarapaca, we again mounted our mules and reached Iquique in the evening.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ADEN.

*Extract of a Letter from Aden, in the beginning of June.**

"THE observations of the mission which left Tadjurah on the 24th of May will be so much the more interesting as it is composed of men of science. I think you will agree with me in saying that the prospect of benefits to England and to science is great, when exploration is confided to the following gentlemen:—Captain Harris, the African traveller, Envoy or principal; Captain Graham (Bheel man); Captain Horton, Her Majesty's 47th regiment; Lieutenant Barker, India navy; Dr. Kirk; Dr. Scott; Dr. Impey; a geologist, and botanist, and a draughtsman, with a guard of honour (Europeans). With such men of zeal, ability, perseverance, and every requisite quality, success is pretty sure. The mission is sent upon a proper scale: their baggage and presents require 300 camels and 30 mules, and from Aden

* This communication is of much importance. It is highly satisfactory to learn how rapidly this place is rising into importance. The mission mentioned as starting from Aden intends, we are informed, if possible, to traverse the whole continent of Africa from Tadjurah to the Cape! We hope they will go westward first, and endeavour to discover the source of the *Dahr-el-Abiad*, after which they may turn eastward, and follow a line parallel with the coast. The project is gigantic when the difficulties of every kind which must be encountered are taken into consideration. May their efforts be crowned with success!—*Edw. L. G.*

the gentlemen were well mounted on horses; the arrangements for them were all attended with success, and they experienced neither difficulty nor detention. Knowing you feel an anxiety regarding Aden, I will as briefly as possible state its improvements. Aden, when we took it, had rather under 600 inhabitants. By a census taken last month, it was found to contain 8268, independent of troops and followers, which amount to near 4000 more, and it is daily increasing. It has a large bazar, which is well supplied,—indeed, every thing in plenty; we have just commenced the construction of a regular cantonment and town, so that in three years it will be quite a large and civilised place. A permanent and strong entrance is half finished at the pass, which is to mount twelve pieces of cannon, and would trouble any force to take it. Along the heights, from the pass to the sea in Front Bay, there is a ten-feet permanent wall, with about ten guns mounted on it. These north defences are in addition to the field-works which extend across the peninsula, mounting twenty-three pieces of cannon. A good road is far advanced from the point of the harbour to the town, and seven villas are already erected at the entrance; indeed, every part of that point is taken upon ground-rent. My cottage is a very comfortable one, a Bombay bungalow, with two additional rooms, out-houses, stabling, &c. In the town we are to have a citadel, martello towers, &c.; and Seera is to mount eighty pieces of ordnance. The greatest labour is to level Aden, for it is covered with ruins. The inhabitants must be removed from their present irregular lines into the streets. Only fancy my counting the number of horses belonging to gentlemen here, and finding seventy, besides mules; and as the centre broad road is completed, we may soon expect to see some smart vehicles rolling along it. These trifles have a good effect, and the character of the place will advance from an uncivilised village to a civilised town. The Arabs, after their defeat in three attempts to retake Aden, have remained quiet. The only troubles now remaining arise from the treachery of the Sultan and the insolence of the upstart Sheriff of Mocha, who had the impudence to cut down the British flag—would that his head were broken with it!"

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

As instructions for our friends and readers who are going to the Plymouth Meeting, it will be useful to know that Members, on their arrival, may obtain, at the Reception Rooms, Whiddon's Royal Hotel, Plymouth, and Elliott's Royal Hotel, Devonport, references to lodgings, and all other requisite information, on and after Monday next, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Persons who desire to become Members are requested to make early application to the Secretaries for the Meeting, who will submit their names to the Council for election.

Ladies' tickets (which, on being shewn, will procure admission to the various scientific meetings, *soirées*, &c.) may be obtained on application through a Member of the Association, at the Reception Room, price 1*l.* each.

Programme of the Proceedings.

Morning Meetings.—The General Committee will hold its first meeting on Wednesday, the 28th, at one o'clock, at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, and will meet afterwards according to adjournment.

The Sections will assemble for the reading

and discussion of reports and other communications on Thursday, at 11 A.M., and afterwards, at the same hour, daily during the week of the Meeting, excepting Wednesday, the 4th of August.

The rooms appropriated to the respective Sections are as follow:—

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| <i>Sect. A.</i> Mathematics and Physics | Hall of Atheneum. |
| <i>B.</i> Chemistry and Mineralogy | Guildhall. |
| <i>C.</i> Geology and Physical Geography | Mechanics' Institute. |
| <i>D.</i> Zoology and Botany | Natural History Society, Bath. |
| <i>E.</i> Medical Science | Hospital, Princess St. |
| <i>F.</i> Statistics | Freemasons' Hall. |
| <i>G.</i> Mechanical Science | Corn Chamber, Market. |

In case of the subdivision of any of the Sections, rooms will be appointed for the purpose.

The Sectional Committees will meet on Thursday an hour before the meeting of the Sections, as hitherto.

Admiral Superintendent Warren, of Her Majesty's Dock-yard, has permitted a daily exhibition of models relating to naval science, &c. &c., in Her Majesty's Dock-yard, Devonport.

Captain Tayler, R.N., commanding H.M.S. San Josef, 112 guns, in Hamoaze, will also be prepared with an exhibition of models relating to naval science, on board the ship. Members on presenting their tickets will be received as visitors.

Evening Meetings.—The first General Meeting will be held in the Town-Hall, at Devonport, on Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., when the Rev. Professor Whewell, the President elect, will take the chair and deliver an address.

On Friday, 30th of July, and on Tuesday, 2d of August, at 9 P.M., a soiree and promenade in the Town-Hall, Devonport.

On Wednesday, 4th of August, the concluding General Meeting of the Association will take place in the Town-Hall, Devonport, at 8 P.M., when the proceedings of the General Committee, and the grounds of the several grants of money sanctioned by it, will be explained.

Ship-Launch, Excursions, &c.—H.M. Ship Hindostan, 80 guns, will be launched on Monday, 2d of August, at 5 P.M. By the kind attention of Admiral Superintendent Warren, of H. M. Dock-yard, a considerable number (at least three hundred) of tickets of admission have been provided for the accommodation of Members of the Association who visit Plymouth on this occasion. These tickets will be given in the Reception Room to non-resident Members in the order of their personal application.

Excursions will be arranged for Saturday, 31st July, to the Breakwater, Eddystone, &c., and up the Tamar, of which special notices will be placed in the Reception Room.

Ordinaries.—Breakfast will be provided between 8 and 10 A.M., daily, from Wednesday, 28th of July, to Thursday, 5th of August, inclusive, at the Royal Hotels, Plymouth and Devonport. On Saturday, breakfast will be provided from 7 till 10. Tickets paid at the door 2*s.*, including servants.

Ordinaries will be provided daily during the same period, and at the same places. Tickets, not including wine, 5*s.* 6*d.* each. Dinner on the table at 5 P.M., on every day except Monday, when, on account of the ship-launch, the hour will be half-past 6.

List of Places, &c., in Plymouth and the Vicinity, worthy of Attention.

Institutions.—The Plymouth Public Library, Cornwall Street; Devonport Public Library,

containing the St. Aubyn Collection of Minerals; the Athenæum Museum; the Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society's Museum; Mechanics' Institute; Commercial News Room.

National and Public Establishments, &c.—Royal Dock-yard and Model-room, Devonport; Victualling Office, Stonehouse; Flag-ship, Hamoaze; San Josef, Guard Ship, and Models of Naval Constructions, Hamoaze; Breakwater; Eddystone Lighthouse; Devonport Column; Citadel, Plymouth; Royal Naval Hospital; Royal Military Hospital; Gun Wharf.

Localities.—The Hoe, Plymouth; Mount Wise, Devonport; Iron Bridge, Saltram; Oreston and Catdown Quarries; Steam Ferry Bridge, Torpoint and New Passage; Trematon Castle; Antony; Cotehe House; Block House, Stoke.

Manufactures, &c.—Sugar Refinery, Mill Lane; Sail-cloth Manufactory, Saltash Street; Soap Manufactory, Mill Bay; Gas Works, Mill Bay; Mr. Moore's Ship-yard, with Patent Slip, Friary Street; Mr. Pontey's Nursery Gardens, King Street, and Arboretum, Tor, Tavistock Road; Mr. Rendle's Nursery Gardens, Union Street.

Noblemen's Seats.—Saltram, Earl Morley; Mount Edgumbe, Earl Mount Edgumbe.

Excursions.—Breakwater; Eddystone Light-House; Mount Edgumbe; Antony; St. Germans; Trematon Castle; Cotehe and Weir Head; Bickley Vale and Cann Quarry; Oreston Quarries; Iron Bridge and Saltram; Haytor Granite Works; Tavistock and neighbouring mines; Dartmoor, and Prince Town; Clay Works, Shaugh; Bovisand.

N.B. To such of these places as are not open to the public, members of the British Association will be admitted either on presenting their tickets, or by special application at the respective places.

Speaking of the British Association, we may notice that it has been made the model of a similar institution in America, under the title of the National Association. The president, principal officers of government, and nearly all the leading men at Washington, have become members.

The pursuits of science in the United States have also received another stimulus, by the bequest of a large sum of money for that object, in the town of Boston. The directors, among other measures to fulfil the wishes of the testator, have resolved to invite eminent men from Europe, to give courses of lectures there; and Mr. Lyell, our distinguished geologist, has recently sailed for Boston, to deliver twelve lectures on geology at the new institution. The liberal sum of 500*l.* was offered to him, and the same to Prof. Faraday and Prof. Owen, to undertake the voyage and task. Mr. Lyell accepted the proposition; Mr. Faraday declined, as his health led him to take a Swiss tour; and Prof. Owen, we believe, has not finally determined.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

The closing ordinary meeting of the session was held on Monday last, the 19th, Mr. Wallis in the chair.—Amongst the donations received, was a copy of the work on Windsor Castle, by Sir J. Wyattville's executors.—Mr. H. Gally Knight, M.P., was elected an honorary member.—Mr. George Godwin drew the attention of the meeting to a report of the committee of the House of Commons 'On National Monuments and Works of Art,' and

urged the importance of some interference for the protection of our ancient buildings; on which same subject Mr. Donaldson also addressed the Society.—A paper was then read, 'On Iron-Roofs,' shewing their comparative durability and extent, as contrasted with timber-roofs, by Mr. E. Hall, being the essay to which the medal of the Institute has been awarded. With respect to the use of iron for girders, as a protection against fire, it was mentioned in conversation, that inasmuch as if water be thrown upon iron when heated, it is almost certain to crack; it is not so safe to employ it in this position as is generally supposed.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, July 20.—Read the following papers. 1. 'On the Perforation of Non-conducting Substances by the Mechanical Action of the Electric Fluid,' by Mr. Crosse. The experiments cited in illustration were such as to induce the author to conclude that not only glass and the softer crystals, but even the diamond might be perforated by a continuous stream of sparks passed over its surface; the hole would be pierced at right angles to the direction of the stream.—2. 'The Effects of Vegetable Points on Free Electricity,' by Mr. Pine; a sequel to a former communication, and containing arguments in support of his opinions on the subject of vegetable points as conductors.—3. 'An Account of Experiments undertaken to investigate the Nature of the Change of Colour of Bodies by Heat and their Conducting Power,' by Mr. Pollock. Further evidence in support of Mr. Pollock's views, which we have on several occasions submitted to our readers.—4. 'On the Method of Restoring to Weakened Magnets their Primitive Strength,' by Professor Muncke (a translation). The method is to apply to a weakened magnet as many keepers as it will sustain; and to add others as the power is returned, until it be restored to its primitive force.—5. 'A Translation of an Account of Experiments made with a Grove's Battery,' by M. De la Rive. This paper relates to the subject of the striking distance, and the rotation of the flame. The author conceives that it is not the flame which is acted on by the magnet, but a series of molecules of carbon passing between the charcoal terminals.—The Secretary submitted to the Society Mr. Weeke's register of the electrical state, &c. of the atmosphere during the month of June.—Adjourned.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

JULY 17th.—Yesterday the Norrisian prize was adjudged to John Samuel Howson, M.A., Trinity College, Subject.—'Both in the Old and New Testament eternal life is offered to mankind through Jesus Christ only.'—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

FINE ARTS. ETCHINGS.

MR. D. C. READ, of Salisbury, whose unrivalled etchings have frequently demanded the highest encomia we could bestow upon productions in that style of art, has recently added several remarkable performances to those he had previously published, such as his "Northern Lakes," which, we are glad to hear, have been eminently successful. In truth, no amateur can enrich his portfolio with any works of the kind superior (we had almost said comparable) to these of our native artist, and of our native scenery. The new specimens before us are a woodland scene,

with cattle, as English Nature herself; and an ancient castle on a height, with wood and water below, and a hut-building on the water, altogether one of the deepest and most effective efforts of the graver which we ever saw. It has all the variety and force of a noble painting. The third is a small head of Dante, admirably executed. From the opinion we have always entertained and expressed of this artist's works, we rejoice to learn, from various quarters, that they are winning their way more and more wherever their merits become known; and that most of the fine collections in the country are getting to boast of their etchings by Read, of Salisbury.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Findens' Royal Gallery of British Art. Part VIII. For the Proprietors, Moon; Ackermann and Co.

THE "First Day of Oysters," A. Fraser, engraved by Greuthach, is the first of the trio of plates with which this No. of Findens' admirable national work is enriched. It is, we think, fully dark in the shadows; but all the artist's character and humour are happily rendered, and the whole is an excellent specimen of the English familiar school of every-day life. "Trent on the Tyrol," Calcott, engraved by J. B. Allen, is the next subject, and charmingly executed. The picturesque architecture and the lucid water, we may use the language of contradiction in saying, combine and contrast exquisitely with each other; whilst the romantic scenery around furnishes the painter with the finest objects for the exercise of his true and delicious pencil. "Preparing Moses for the Fair," McClise, engraved by L. Stocks, is the concluding piece, and may well be considered the climax. The sisters adjusting the dress of the complacent and destined victim for the gross of green spectacles, are natural and piquant beyond description; and Moses' own self-satisfied and important look is inimitably indicative of his approaching adventures. The worthy vicar teaching the younger ideas how to shoot, the reader and the writer, form a delightful group; and all the accessories are in happy keeping, adding to the perfection of the family scene. Thrice the price of the part would be a cheap purchase of this single engraving.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—*Romeo and Juliet* has been performed here, but in a manner so unlike what we have been accustomed to esteem and admire as the best mode of representing that fresh, youthful tragedy, that we abstained from making any comment upon it. Mr. Kean's reading and personation of the part of *Romeo* are such that, were we *Juliet*, we could not abide them; and Miss E. Tree's *Juliet* is the least successful piece of acting we ever saw her attempt.

My Friend the Captain, a Jeremy-Diddler farce, affords a good opportunity for Wrench to display his talents, and was received throughout with laughter. His various adventures in victimising Rees are rather droll than new, but the whole is a merry thing, and goes off with *éclat*.

The Olympic Theatre has been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for two months, with the view to employ and relieve the distress of dramatic writers and others thrown out of subsistence by the burning of Astley's.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE FRENCH DOGS (SEE our last) are, by the by, a Spanish and a French pointer, and both handsome of their

kind, well-conditioned, and sagacious-looking. Their names are *Braque* and *Phylax*, and like "Two dogs who were no thrang at home,"

they have foregathered in London, not so much for their own sport as for the edification of the public on practical and psychological points of both human and canine difficulty. Monsieur Leonard, their master and teacher, tells us they have been "presented" to several scientific bodies, and been highly esteemed, though we do not hear that they have been elected members of the *Académies des Sciences* of Paris or *Bruzelles*, or even of our own Royal Zoological Society, so that neither *Braque* nor *Phylax* can adorn their simple names with the distinguishing capitals of F.R.Z.S. or M.A.S.P., or other imposing letters. They rely on their illiterate talent, as did Shakespeare's Dogberry; and the development of their faculties, the result, as Monsieur L. assures us, of long study and experiment, is exhibited under his command to an extent to shew that they possess "intellectual power" in a nearer affinity to man than has hitherto been demonstrated.*

We noticed last week that one of them beat us at dominoes (a game in which we trusted we were, notwithstanding it was long since we played it, equal to any dog or four-footed animal in Christendom); and we are informed that our adversary has since conquered eminent literary characters and crack domino players. This is, we think, the most marvellous effort, and approaches, in appearance if not in reality, more nearly to reason than any other. The taking up numbered cards agreeable to orders, obedience to the slightest words or gestures, turning right or left, going straight forward, using all the actions of a horse in the *manège*, carrying bread or meat to each other, kneeling, laying down and pretending to sleep, leaping, barking, mourning, are all tricks we have seen practised before, though more partially, and not to such an extent by single animals. But the domino play is certainly a puzzler, for the brute (we beg its pardon) seems not only to know its own pieces and those upon the table, but to play cunningly as well as correctly, and certainly to suffer no imposition on the side of its adversary. This cannot be called instinct! Is it, then, education carried to a length to simulate intellect?

For further particulars we fancy we must wait for M. Leonard's book on the Education of Animals; but, in the meantime, these clever dogs are well worth seeing. Toby was a learned pig; and we have been entertained by horses, sparrows, finches, other dogs of various races, and even donkeys of no mean abilities: yet we are free to say that all who love to witness such things will be much gratified by making the acquaintance of, and having a game with, *Braque* and *Phylax*.

VARIETIES.

Animal Magnetism.—We learn from the newspapers that an extraordinary exhibition of the powers of animal magnetism took place in

* On this point the "Professor" announces a work on the Education of Animals, respecting which he says:—

"Deviating from the path followed by his predecessors, he founds his theory on practice; but, as he may happen to lose the two subjects which are irreconcilable proofs of his system, he thinks it his duty to give as much publicity as he can to his interesting experiments; it is with this view, and merely influenced by scientific motives, that he will attend persons, who will do him the honour to desire it, with his two dogs, *Braque* and *Phylax*. It were needless to give a programme of the exercise of those two animals; each person will be at liberty to put questions to them; their education is sufficiently advanced to answer to any; and then the experiment and their applications will be duly appreciated."

the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, under the manipulations of a Monsieur Delafontaine from Paris. The lad upon whom the experiments were performed seemed as insensible to pain as if he were dead, and even passively withstood stunning strokes of electricity and galvanism. Next week we shall probably state our own impressions upon witnessing a repetition of the experiments, too late for this *Gazette*.

Mr. Snow Harris.—"The Observer" newspaper states that a pension of 300*l.* per annum has been conferred on this eminent and successful cultivator of the useful sciences. Prof. Wheatstone is another ornament of science, whose inventive genius and practical merits will not, we trust, escape the notice of those who have pensions to bestow. His electric telegraphs, binocular experiments, &c., are among the finest scientific matters of our day.

Royal Academy of Music.—The last subscription concert of the pupils for this season took place on Saturday. A number of MS. compositions were performed, some of them of great beauty, and the concert went off altogether in the most satisfactory manner, both as regarded the enjoyments of a crowded audience, and the present state and prospects of the Academy.

Hanover Square Rooms.—The last concert for the season by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music was given on Saturday, and must have been highly satisfactory to all parties interested in this excellent institution. The music was of the best order, and executed in a manner highly creditable to the young aspirants. The room was crowded.

Fall of Fish, &c.—Not in the market, but, according to the "Sheffield Patriot," on Thursday fortnight, during a heavy thunder-storm at Derby. The rain, mixed with pieces of half-melted ice, fell in floods, and, stranger still, multitudes of small fish and frogs descended with the torrent. The fish are stated to have been from half an inch to two inches long, and a few considerably larger, one weighing three ounces. Some are of the species called *suttle-backs*, with spikes on the back fin. These were from the size of a horse-bean to that of a garden-bean; and many, both of fish and frogs, were picked up alive. Similar phenomena have frequently occurred, and been accounted for by the action of whirlwinds on waters inhabited by the animals so transported.

Battle with a Boa.—One of the keepers at the Surrey Zoological Gardens seems to have had a narrow escape from the embraces of a boa constrictor, whose cage he had entered to bathe it. The reptile suddenly twined one fold round him, and, but for energy and vigour in preventing another coil, the poor fellow would soon have been crushed to death. As it is, the animal has left the marks of the ring upon him to remind him of his miraculous escape.

The Kineorama, in Pall Mall, caught fire while preparing for exhibition on Tuesday, and the spectators had to make a hurried and alarming escape. Fortunately no worse consequences ensued; and the pictures, we hear, have been saved, though the draperies, curtains, &c., fell a prey to the flames.

Solar Spots.—A correspondent in the "Dundee Advertiser" states that very great changes have recently been observed in the spots which traverse the sun.

Anglo-Saxon Coins.—"In a Convocation holden on Thursday week, it was unanimously resolved to affix the University seal to a letter of humble and dutiful acknowledgment to Her

Majesty the Queen, for her gracious present of Anglo-Saxon and other coins found at Cuerdale in Lancashire, and transmitted through his Grace the Duke of Wellington to be deposited in the Bodleian Library and Ashmolean Museum."—*Oxford Herald*.

Hurricane at Moscow.—On the 10th ult. Moscow was visited by a destructive hurricane, which unroofed many houses, and greatly damaged the churches and other public buildings.

Copyright.—Messrs. Goschen, the publishers of *Leipisch*, have obtained a verdict against the Bibliographical Institute at Tilsburghansen, for publishing an edition of Wieland's "Observer" within less than thirty years of the author's death. The copies of the spurious work have all been seized. This is in conformity to the Prussian law of January 1837.

Punch; or, the London Charivari. No. 1. —A good name and a good start, of a new weekly periodical, to which we wish well, though evidently set up in opposition to the *Gazette*;—at least, on the opposite side of Wellington Street. The first No. displays a variety of talent, literary and graphic; and we hear that some clever men are engaged in furnishing this supply of mirth and humour. Several are popular writers of the lighter pieces we have seen on the stage, and others are known as successful essayists and artists. The second title is not needed: let them stick to *Punch*!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new work edited by "Boz," entitled "The Pic-Nic Papers," is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Colburn; to be illustrated by George Cruikshank, "Phiz," &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Christ's Charge to Peter; a Sermon, by the Rev. W. Courthope, B.A. 8vo. 1*s.*—F. Demmler's German Grammar, 12mo. 4*s.*—Shaksperiana; an Account of Shakspeare's Plays, by J. O. Halliwell, 8vo. 3*s.*—The Principal Features of Scripture Prophecies, by T. Fox, 12mo. 3*s.*—Tales for My Grandchildren, 18mo. 2*s.*—The Oratory; or the Testimony of Scripture on Prayer, by L. Barton, 32mo. 2*s.*—Sermons Preached at Chelmsford, by the late Rev. J. G. Dowling, M.A. 12mo. 7*s.*—Dailie on the Right Use of the Fathers by Smith, 12mo. 7*s.*—*Ed. new edition.*—Cicero's Tusculan Disputations Translated, 12mo. 4*s.*—White's Copyhold Act, 12mo. 3*s.*—Biblical Researches in Palestine, by Robinson and Smith, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*s.*—Tour in Austria, Lombardy, Northern Tyrol, &c. in 1840, by J. Barrow, post 8vo. 10*s.*—Lyle's Elements of Geology, 2d edition, 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*—The Old Earl and his Young Wife, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Course of Sermons on the Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, 8vo. 12*s.*—The British Class-Book, by the Rev. H. Bentley, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Critic in Parliament and in Public, 12mo. 5*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

| June. | | Thermometer. | | Barometer. | |
|-----------|----|---------------|----|----------------|-------|
| | | From 45 to 64 | | 29.57 to 29.68 | |
| Thursday | 15 | 50 | 62 | 29.59 | 29.62 |
| Friday | 16 | 44 | 66 | 29.64 | 29.65 |
| Saturday | 17 | 48 | 63 | 29.69 | 29.70 |
| Sunday | 18 | 46 | 69 | 29.74 | 29.78 |
| Monday | 19 | 53 | 63 | 29.58 | 29.59 |
| Tuesday | 20 | 55 | 67 | 29.64 | 29.65 |
| Wednesday | 21 | | | | |

Winds, west and north on the 15th; south-east and north-east on the 16th; south-east on the 17th; north and west on the 18th; south-west on the 19th and two following days.

On the 15th, morning clear, otherwise overcast; a violent storm of thunder and very vivid lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, from about 1 till 7 p.m.; the 16th, evening clear, otherwise cloudy; the 17th, clear; the 18th, cloudy, rain at times; the 19th, evening overcast, otherwise clear; the 20th, general overcast, raining frequently during the day; distant thunder about 11 a.m.; the 21st, clear from about 2 till half-past 3 p.m. otherwise overcast, small rain falling frequently.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 49 of an inch, of which 45 of an inch fell during the storm of the 15th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Minasi's portrait of Listz, which we mentioned in No. 1277, is exhibited at Messrs. Cranner, Beale, and Addison's.

MAGNANIMITY and DISTRESS.—

The facility afforded to the community by the penny post in forwarding subscriptions to any of the above-named individuals is respectfully suggested; and it is hoped that those who may be only able to afford small sums, will induce others to join them in making up an amount easily remittable. It is likewise hoped that editors of newspapers will give insertion to this notice as an act of charity, if suitable with their arrangements.

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